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THE PROBLEMS OF VICTORY

GENERAL DITTMAR hits the nail on the head when he compares 1944 with 1940. 1944 is 1940 in reverse. Four years ago the roads of Northern France were blocked with Allied equipment, while French civilians vainly sought cover from German machine guns. To-day, on a vaster scale, the remnants of German armies are the target of Allied bombers in their retreat towards the Rhine, while Parisians rejoice in a city that is once more their own. In the East the Satellites, which readily yielded to Hitler's coaxing, are repudiating their German masters and anxiously seeking peace with the Allies. We are justified in feeling pride and joy in the contrast. As the full details of the unparalleled horrors of Lublin are reported here, the British public, so slow to believe the truth of German concentration camps, is brought to a more intense realisation of the nature and tyranny from which the exertions of the Allies have delivered Europe. We fought for survival and we have survived. We fought to destroy the empire of Nazidom and its destruction is at hand.

In 1940 Mr. Churchill was right to talk of a war for survival, but 1940 in reverse requires a different attitude of mind. It is true that in the long run Europe will work out its own salvation. But in destroying Hitler's "New Order" the Allies have made themselves, whether they will or no, responsible for the immediate future of the Continent and have promised to substitute a peace of freedom for the desert of Nazi bondage. The problems are staggering and the sharpest contrast exists between the anxious outlook of responsible and informed persons and the emotional reactions fostered by newspaper headlines. Immediately after the war Allied statesmen will face the fact of a Continent devastated as never before in history; problems of food, health, rebuilding and replanning will be urgent and inescapable. Secondly, there are grave political difficulties—of which the most immediate is the Polish crisis with its threat to the unity of the Allies, on which all hope of future peace and reconstruction depends. Thirdly, statesmen know that the defeat of Germany does not in itself remove any of the economic and political causes of war. It merely ends one immediate and ghastly menace. That brings us to the fourth and immediate problem—Allied policy towards prostrate Germany, which cannot be considered in isolation and which is part of the whole European and world problem.

What will the Allies do when they enter Germany as conquerors? What sort of public will they find? We know that most of the population is already ground down to that despairing apathy which is the natural result of ten years of Fascism, five years of war and two of Allied bombing. Despair, listlessness and docility will be the most common states of mind. We must also expect a desperate resistance from fanatical Nazis, S.S. groups and Gestapo, while some of the Nazi leaders will, no doubt, attempt to escape to Spain, and, perhaps by submarine, to the Argentine. Some of the tougher kind, knowing that they are doomed in any case, will become underground gunmen and aim at maintaining a guerrilla war. What else will there be? Experts agree that amongst some groups of Germans there will appear, as in 1918, a mood, perhaps short-lived, of repentance—an almost masochistic period in which they will fully admit every crime committed by their Governments, and readily accept the obligation to repair some of the damage German armies have done. There will also be, as we know from reliable reports, groups of workers in factories who have always been against the Nazis. If we are sane we shall cultivate and encourage such groups as they are able to emerge. We notice with gratitude that Lord Vansittart is now attempting to introduce a note of sanity into the emotions to which he has unwisely appealed. In a recent statement in the *Yorkshire Post* he said rightly that we must for ever destroy the power of the militarists, the Junkers and the heavy industrialists, but "that no one dreams of anything but reasonable and humane treatment for the workers." They must be the nucleus of any Germany with which the rest of Europe must some day live at peace.

Does this summary give any indication of what should now be said by Allied statesmen? They must soon make some pronouncement. Our own self-interest demands it. At present Goebbels is persuading the Germans that they are all to suffer equally and that Allied victory means the extinction of the German people. We do not wish to drive any large section into sympathy with Nazi guerrilla resistance, and since we do not, in fact, intend to set up murder camps in imitation of Lublin, it would pay to state our real intentions. It is agreed that no conditions are to be offered to the Germans to which they can appeal as of right; indeed the barbarities their armies have perpetrated exclude the possibility. But seeing that an occupying Power must necessarily feed the population it administers, there can be no advantage in letting Germans think we mean to starve them. Since we are not barbarians, and since the economic ruin of Germany would be ruinous to Europe and to all of us, our statesmen should face the public with the facts.

A precise statement of our intentions, even if these are very severe towards Germany, would have in fact a useful effect in Germany. A definite picture of Allied occupation, knowledge of Allied proposals for German industry, of our determination to discriminate between war criminals and the rest—these would remove from the minds of Germans the present confusion and terror out of which may well develop a very dangerous anarchy. Germans should be told that in time they may again have a chance of sharing in the new life of Europe. With this should go plans for the economic integration of the European continent. International agencies will have to feed Europe and rebuild its communications. Plans for such creative work have presumably been made; they should be published.

In these matters politicians should show some courage. They fear no doubt the accusation of being "tender to the Hun." Let them be as explicit as they like about full retribution for war criminals. Let them make crystal-clear their intention completely to disarm Germany, supervise her industry and to ensure that she is impotent to do evil in the future. But they well know that in the long run Germans will administer Germany, whether we are occupying

the country or not. Our task when we have occupied Germany would be to put the local administration in the hands of those who do not share the guilt of the Nazis, and gradually to create conditions in which a future German Government can be formed within the framework we lay down.

All these and other similar facts are known and admitted privately by the Allied statesmen. To say them in public is not weakness nor does it involve any bargain with the Germans. On the contrary, as Mr. Churchill said, to act as sane people is an obligation we owe, not to the Germans, but to ourselves and to civilisation. And since we have sane intentions, let us state them.

Tragic Warsaw

Gradually the facts about the Warsaw tragedy are emerging. The fact which furnishes the clue to this miserable affair is that the Red Army, after successfully reaching the suburbs of Praga (the part of Warsaw that lies on the right bank of the Vistula) suffered a reverse which was, we fear, a heavy though temporary setback. It is not customary in Russian official communications to admit mishaps of this kind. That is unfortunate, since it explains why the Russians have been unable as yet to make their contribution to the rescue of Warsaw. As for the wireless summons from Moscow to Warsaw to rise, which Mr. Lunn quotes in our correspondence columns, it did not substantially differ from the routine broadcasts put out regularly by Moscow to Polish patriots. The rising, however, took place under the leadership of "General Bor," on orders from the Polish Government's representative, which had named August 1 as "D-Day," without reference to the British or Russian authorities. This was done on his sole responsibility, without any consultation whatever with the chiefs of the Red Army. That was a folly which the gallantry of the operation itself fails to redeem. While the mass of the inhabitants who rose and fought may have thought only of expelling the hated invaders, it is more than probable that the chiefs who gave the signal to rise meant to steal a march on the rival movement by seizing the capital before the Russians could reach it. Indeed the hostility of General Bor's adherents to Russia has subsequently been shown by broadcasts from Warsaw radio, announcing their intention of "fighting to the last man" for Vilna and Lvov.

It is this political aspect of the affair that explains the subsequent hostility of the Russians to plans for aiding Poles, whose proclaimed purposes, as the *Times* remarks, were "plainly inconsistent with a friendly attitude towards Russia." When it was clear that Russia neither could nor would help Warsaw, British help was sent from Italy at great risk by the R.A.F. It reached Warsaw but at the cost of many gallant lives among our pilots. It is now known that the Americans asked that its shuttle-bombers should make use of Russian bases from which to give help to Warsaw and that this was refused. The Russian view of the whole Warsaw episode is vividly related this week by our U.S.S.R. correspondent now in Lublin.

The London Poles have now sent another unhelpful despatch to Moscow. After consulting the underground movement, their reply to Moscow is now drawn up. Instead of accepting the idea of fusing their Ministry with the Council of Liberation on a footing of parity, they propose that the Polish Communist Party should enter a reconstituted Government as one of the five parties composing it. They wish to postpone the whole question of frontiers till after the war—a not unreasonable course in so far as the detailed boundary is concerned, but unluckily they still tacitly refrain from accepting the Curzon Line as a basis. Their offer to submit the 1935 Constitution, a semi-fascist document, to a popular referendum after the war may have no sinister meaning, but it will seem to the Russians, as it stands, dilatory and inadequate. Probably the best hope of ending this unhappy situation lies in the fusion on the spot of Polish guerrillas with the Red Army.

Fronts and Distances

East or West? In which theatre of war will the Allies first reach a military decision in the sense of overcoming all organised enemy opposition to an invasion of the Inner Reich? The Russians' successful combination of armed force with political warfare in Rumania has given the Red Army a commanding position on the Greater Reich's south-eastern flank. There is little now to stop Russian forces from reaching Belgrade, and the Hungarian Army will be hard put to it to defend Budapest—beyond which lies Vienna. But great though their political significance may be in relation to the future of the Balkans, these turning movements by the Red Army will have to overcome such distances that their military effect can hardly become decisive before winter. A quicker decision in the East depends upon next month's developments in Central Poland, where German resistance is still stiff. How soon can General Eisenhower reach the Rhine? He is clearly aiming at the execution of the Schlieffen Plan in reverse. That is, while British and Canadian armies press northwards from the Seine crossings, General Bradley (in the role of the von Kluck of 1914) wheels north-east of Paris in a great arc pointing to the Argonne. The losses already inflicted on the 7th and 15th German armies in northern France are so severe that von Kluge's ability *both* to stand on his right against the British (thus retaining the Channel coast) *and* to prolong his left to cover the Meuse seems doubtful. He may get some reinforcements from Germany or from such remnants of the 19th Army as escape from the Rhone valley. Even so, he is set an impossible task.

Democracy in Holland

In a letter printed in our issue of August 19th, the Dutch Minister of Justice was at some pains to emphasise that the military administration projected for Holland after liberation would be placed by "a special regulation . . . under the civil authority of the Government." Our readers may well have wondered why a "special regulation" should be necessary, in a constitutional monarchy, to give the Government authority over its armed forces. Another royal decree, however, issued by Queen Wilhelmina's Ministers in London is even more mystifying. This decree, as the distinguished Roman Catholic professor of law, Dr. J. A. Veraart, points out in a trenchant article in the latest issue of *Vrij Nederland*, appears to assume that the Constitution of 1813 no longer holds good. Why, he asks, are "some of the legal provisions" concerning the States-General to remain in abeyance? Why should Holland not resume her democracy where she left it? Why should the Government insolently propose to bestow on the Nederlands rights and rules—ministerial responsibility, representative organs and so forth—which already exist under the Dutch Constitution?

Mr. Churchill in Italy

Mr. Churchill has returned from Italy without Bonomi's head on a charger. Indeed, contrary to some alarmist reports, he seems to have found Bonomi acceptable and managed to lunch with him and Badoglio at the same table. On leaving he made a remarkable speech in praise of constitutional liberty. He denounced the degrading effects of Fascism. Odd that he should have waited so long before addressing these remarks to the people of Italy. At a time when Mussolini needed his support, Mr. Churchill expressed the greatest admiration for his high qualities and successful methods in maintaining law and order. Only the other day our Premier had "kind words" for Mussolini's imitator in Spain. Perhaps because of these memories the Italian press has been far from happy about his warning "against unscrupulous parties seeking after power" in Italy. The Right wing press assumes, as we must do, that he fears an attempted Fascist revival; the Communist and Socialist press, with a fine record of underground opposition to Mussolini, wonders whether Mr. Churchill regards as unscrupulous and dangerous any group that does not adhere to his favourite doctrine of "legitimacy." Mr. Churchill's record does not reassure them.

Women and the Future

What kind of life are the women of this country to expect after the war? The newly formed Conservative Women's Reform Group has just issued an intelligent and attractive programme (*When Peace Comes*. Staples. 6*d*.) which makes one sort of answer. Stripped of some of its moralising and spiritual exhortations, the programme sets out a series of sensible proposals. Women, we are told, desire full citizenship and the right to share national responsibilities with men; they want equal pay for equal work; an adequate health service; full employment; nursery schools and a progressive housing policy. Domestic work must be raised to the status of national service, with proper wages and working conditions ensured. So far, we share the views of Mrs. Cazalet Keir, Miss Irene Ward and their colleagues. But running through the programme is the assumption that, after all, the years to come will be very much like the years that have gone. It suggests an innovation here, a reform there, and insists that war-time experience should not be discarded as without value in the peace. Is this enough? We notice that all the authors come from the upper and middle class, and that, typically, they seem to regard change as a matter of good will and progressive intentions. It is all very well to draft a programme for women which is intended to appeal to them all, irrespective of class or party. The truth is that the interpretation placed on programmes and resolutions depends on politics, which cannot ignore either class or party differences. This document goes a long way beyond the orthodox Tory position. But if it helps to elect another Tory Parliament not much of it is likely to be carried out. We should be glad to hear what other political organisations have to say on this important question.

Beach Battle

The public have now stormed many of the disputed beach-heads on the English coast, but prosecutions for entry to forbidden sands still continue. It is all very well to argue that the authority of Defence Regulation 16A must be maintained. But are the Regional Commissioners who issue directions under 16A affecting bathing beaches interpreting their powers in a common-sense manner? Obviously, in the interests of their own safety, the public must be prevented from bathing or walking on beaches which have not been cleared of mines or in whose case there may be doubt as to the efficacy of mine clearance, owing to the shifting of shingle or sand dunes by storms. But in the case of one famous beach of which particulars have reached us, not merely has there been no danger from mines for the past two years, but half the beach is open to public bathing. On the remainder the public is forbidden to bathe. But the prohibition takes the form of a notice which does *not* forbid the public to walk on the banned beach. What constitutes bathing? Removal of clothing? Or is paddling included in a ban whose enforcement employs at week-ends the services of several police officers? The height of absurdity was reached recently at Littlehampton, when a distinguished judge of the Divorce Court, together with twenty-seven other offenders, was fined for bathing on a beach from which mines had been cleared, which was frequently used by soldiers for bathing, and on which, it was admitted, this particular defendant (who happened to be an officer of the Home Guard) could have lawfully bathed had he been wearing his uniform. Among the other defendants were two music hall artistes known professionally as "The Crazy Gang." In this instance the prosecution better merited the title.

BALKAN DEMOCRACY

EACH in its own way Rumania and Bulgaria have quitted the ranks of the enemy. Big as it is, this happy event can be grasped at a glance. The rulers of these two States have never shown much foresight, either in the last war or in this. None the less, their desertion of their allies will mark the end for every German who retains any capacity to think. Most of the enemy's considerable forces in the Balkan Peninsula will be lost to him and, like his armies in the Baltic States, can take no part in the defence of his inner citadel. Roads that lead over the Carpathians are already open to the Russians, who may find useful auxiliaries in the Rumanian troops. With all this, the enemy loses in Rumania his chief source of natural oil and an important granary. The composition of the new Hungarian Government suggests that Horthy and the Magyar ruling class still prefer to fight, as satellites, for Hitler rather than yield power to others of their fellow-countrymen. The Red Army's advance on Budapest may well be contested, but from Rumania the Danube leads to Belgrade—key to the enemy's communications in Yugoslavia and to Greece. While we applaud and rejoice at the good fortune of our Allies, the spectacle can hardly fail to set us reflecting on the political condition of the two turn-coats. During three years the much enduring manhood of Rumania has been driven to fight in the most costly and brutalising war of modern times. It enjoyed its moment of elation: it fought by all accounts bravely and its temporary conquests were on an imposing scale. During these three years it absorbed the Nazi outlook on life and vied in systematic brutality with its masters, not only against the Jews and not only in Odessa. Suddenly, after a palace revolution, by the will of its young king, the millions of its peasants, workers and soldiers are ordered, without a word of mental preparation, to turn their arms against their allies of an hour ago. There are precedents, to be sure, for this conduct. Allies changed partners, though with a decent interval of years, in the Napoleonic wars. Italy has her record of *sacro egoismo* and Rumania changed sides during the last war also. But is there a parallel to the suddenness of this *volte face*, after the acceptance not merely of Germany's alliance, but of her ideology also? Since German princes recruited their subjects with the press gang in the eighteenth century and hired them out to fight the wars of other empires, has there been in Europe a spectacle that degrades human nature so grossly?

The case of Bulgaria is different. A new and would-be neutral government had first taken office. At the worst public opinion was always strong enough to compel King Boris and the regents who followed him to keep the peace with Russia. The average man was not pro-German, nor was he inclined to the Nazi view of life. If he was willing to fight Bulgaria's neighbours, that was a consequence of rivalries and hatreds accumulated during several generations, which had their origin in the old Turkish technique of dividing the Balkan races. Apart from this ugly complication, the sympathy of the mass of the people was in this war strongly on Russia's side. The root of the difference lay in the social structure of the two countries. Bulgaria is, like Yugoslavia, a land of peasants who own their holdings. It never had an aristocracy and it is only recently that a small upper stratum of dealers, merchants, bankers and lawyers has emerged, which has found a social and political centre in the court and the higher ranks of the army. In this society, where equality was the rule and privilege unknown, it might have been possible to establish democracy securely, if this little country could have lived at peace, unroubled by nationalist rivalries and the intrigues of the Great Powers, which sought to use its kings. This peasantry could produce capable leaders, of whom the last was Stambulisky, and there were stretches of years when it governed itself well and faced its social problems boldly. Under the quasi-Fascist rule of King Boris, both its popular parties were suppressed, but in their villages and their co-operatives the peasants managed somehow to keep alive their own stubborn, independent way of thinking and some organisations of their own. The Slav village is a vital social organism, and even under the Turks in Macedonia it contrived, subject to tragic interruptions, to manage its own affairs.

In Rumania, on the other hand, parliamentary democracy was a foreign importation and an excrescence in a wholly uncongenial environment. This was a country of *latifundia*, with a landed nobility as devoid of traditions as it was grasping. On to this unfavourable social structure was grafted an oil industry run by foreign capital. The peasantry was so impoverished and so far from political maturity that it gained little from the break-up of the big estates which happened here, as in other borderland States, after the Russian Revolution. The peasants, usually under-nourished and often illiterate, were never able to assert themselves, and after the openly Fascist phase was reached under King Carol, they could exert no influence whatever over policy, as in some degree the Bulgarian peasants did. Politics meant for them little more than an occasional outbreak of Jew-baiting. How after the tragic losses of the past three years will they react? Will they dare to question the King and the little governing caste, as frivolous as it is corrupt, which brought on them the ruin and humiliation of this war?

M. Molotov has given an undertaking that his country will leave the present social structure of Rumania intact. It would be in the long run a mistaken policy to impose a revolution with foreign bayonets. None the less, if ever a dynasty and a governing class staked its life in a ruinous and aggressive war it was here. It is to be hoped that the Russian statement is not a pledge to stabilise things as they are. The case for sweeping and fundamental change is as manifest here as in any of the Fascist countries. The same thing is true, though in a less degree, of Bulgaria, which must restore her democratic liberties, if she is ever to recover her political health. The German dynasty that rules over her has been her curse through two generations: if her people are disposed to clear it out, it is to be hoped that the tenderness of London and Washington for monarchy will not stand in the way. Delivered from their royal houses, which one and all fostered Fascism, the Balkan peoples would find it easier than in the past to live together in peace.

Much has to be done at the top to organise their international life. The decisive innovation is Marshal Tito's wholehearted adoption of the federal principle, which means the end of the Serbian habit of domination. That he should have extended it to Macedonia, for so long a focus of strife among the Balkan peoples, is the most signal proof of his statesmanship. This should at last end the feud between the Yugoslavs and their near kinsmen the Bulgars. It might even lead to the eventual incorporation of Bulgaria as an equal State in the Federation—a solution that will be very much easier to realise if both Belgrade and Sofia turn republican. But the reality of democracy, here as elsewhere, must begin much lower down. The worst effect of Fascism was that it was beginning to disintegrate the fraternity and autonomy even of the Slav village. Perhaps the best news of Marshal Tito's movement is that within the ranks of the partisans the self-governing village has come to life again.

Regionalism will be the guiding principle of the international organisation which the Great Powers are devising for the world. That the Balkan Peninsula, with the rest of Eastern Europe, will fall into the Russian region or sphere is, of course, the natural and inevitable consequence of the Red Army's victories. Fortunately, in the case of Yugoslavia and Bulgaria, the attachment of the masses to the great Slav Power goes deeper, and is of much older date. Here, then, the political pattern is fixed and we assume that the diplomacy of the Western Powers will respect it. But in the daily life of these peoples it is economics that matter. Like most agricultural peoples, from China to Spain, they endure a chronic poverty and a shocking degree of relative over-population. Their peasants cry out for capital—meaning livestock, machines and fertilisers—but still more do their numerous sons and daughters cry out for work. These countries must be helped to industrialise themselves. Many hopes centre on electricity and, above all, on the development of the Danube Valley under an inter-State scheme modelled on that of the Tennessee Valley. The future lies with planned production and orderly marketing, but here the question presents itself, can the area of economic planning be made to coincide with the political region? It is hard to see how Eastern Europe can dispense with the German market. Again, can the Balkans, in such matters as electrification and transport, progress rapidly without Anglo-American help? We should hope, however, that the work of development will be organised and financed by an international board, independent of Wall Street and the City. To this, on two conditions, Moscow might take no exception—firstly, that we recognise her political primacy in these regions and secondly, that we aid her on a generous scale in her own work of reconstruction. What these countries need, when peace comes to them, is honest and creative building for the common good. That task must not be marred by political rivalries.

WARSAW AND MOSCOW

[CABLED FROM LUBLIN BY OUR CORRESPONDENT IN THE U.S.S.R.]

INTERVIEWS which British and American correspondents here have had in Lublin with Morawski, General Rola-Zymierski and other members of the Polish Committee of Liberation will already have appeared in the British press. Poland is still in a state of flux, only a small part of it is so far liberated. One did not think until now anything could exceed the horror of Maidenek. Hitler has shown that he and his Germans are inexhaustible in their invention of new horrors. The other day in Moscow I was talking to an Allied diplomat who was wringing his hands about Warsaw and was actually blaming Russians for not being "more generous-minded."

I don't know whether the Polish Government are now claiming credit as Romer was claiming when he was in Moscow, for the Warsaw uprising. Perhaps no longer. But there seems little doubt that there was a political motive in the Warsaw uprising and that is the terrible thing about it. Let us look at facts. I have spoken here to two Polish officers of London's underground organisation, *Armija Krajowa*. These two high officers, one in charge of *Armija Krajowa's* security service and the other a former A.D.C. of Pilsudski, represent the minority of Polish officers inside Warsaw, who were opposed to uprising on August 1. They came to Lublin in the hope of establishing contact with Mikolajczyk, then in Moscow, and in the hope that Mikolajczyk would do everything to stop the Warsaw uprising from breaking out.

Unfortunately they came much too late, as it is not easy to travel from Warsaw to Lublin. By the time they arrived the rebellion had broken out and Mikolajczyk had left Moscow. They said that in Warsaw, on the day they left—it was three days before the uprising—was the feeling of a lull before the storm. The Red Army was rapidly advancing towards Warsaw. The

population was struck by the dishevelled and disorganised appearance of German troops as they retreated into Warsaw from beyond the Vistula. The man in the street came to believe that the Russians would be in Warsaw on August 2. Many officers inside Warsaw did not believe it would be before August 15. Nevertheless, the uprising started August 1. It was the worst possible moment.

The Red Army, after a march of several hundred miles, was not in the best condition to storm the city across the Vistula (which was not contemplated anyway), still less could it with available forces get round Warsaw, least of all in time for "D-Day" fixed without consultation with the Russians by the Poles inside Warsaw (or was it London?). There was a further element of decisive importance which the leaders of the Warsaw rebellion had not reckoned with. In those two or three days preceding the rebellion the Germans had been pouring immense quantities of armour, in fact, four of their best tank divisions, on to the east bank of the Vistula, which stopped the Russian advance units from proceeding any farther. What then happened inside Warsaw was horrible. For a very short time the insurrectionists seized a number of important buildings, but with immense German forces about they were soon confined to a number of buildings, where they continued to resist heroically. But while the battle was going on against fearful odds throughout Warsaw, almost the whole of the population, though unarmed and completely unorganised, took part in the revolt with generous romantic enthusiasm so typical of the Poles. But this is not a romantic war. This is not 1830 or 1848. When the active revolt had, within a few days, been limited to a few isolated points (there wasn't a single district or even block in the insurrectionists' control by that time), the Germans issued an ultimatum to the population saying that they must carrying white cloths of surrender, leave Warsaw by the west gates. They promised good treatment to those who complied. Rightly none believed Hitler's promises. But seventy to a hundred thousand thought it might be the lesser evil. They left Warsaw and were locked in a horrible concentration camp where they are now dying of hunger, thirst and disease. For the rest of Warsaw's population Hitler devised other punishment. He began to exterminate the whole of Warsaw, as already, in Easter, 1943, Warsaw's ghetto was exterminated. House after house was set on fire. Those who tried to extinguish the flames were mown down by machine-guns, those hiding in cellars with children were killed or wounded (with no prospect of medical care) by grenades. Water was cut off. No food was allowed to enter Warsaw. The population of this enormous town is being rapidly wiped out in this horrible way—women, children and all. A glass of water sells in Warsaw at 500 zloty.

Could anyone help it that there was an enormous barrier of tank divisions between the Red Army and Warsaw? The Russians say that if the insurrectionists had held more than a few isolated houses they could have been helped by parachute—though even then scarcely decisively, for there were several German divisions inside Warsaw. With the Poles holding only isolated houses was it reasonable to drop fifty machine-guns on the off-chance that one would reach the insurrectionists? That is what, in the Russian view, the unfortunate British and Polish airmen sent from England did. This is Warsaw's most ghastly tragedy, perhaps the ghastliest tragedy of the war anywhere. It is S.S. *Schrecklichkeit* extended to the whole German army. It is also a fearful example of irresponsibility somewhere: whether in Warsaw or London time will perhaps show. It is a case where amateur Machiavellis and would-be shrewd politicians were playing a game in which a million lives were involved. There is one hope left, if Warsaw is not to perish completely, and that is that force whose premature arrival certain Poles feared—and that is the Red Army—and nothing is more shameful than the attempts of some propagandists in America and elsewhere to suggest that the Russian guns ceased as soon as the Warsaw rebellion started. What an idiotic lie! And how foul when one thinks that nowhere in this year's campaign has Russian blood flown more freely than outside Warsaw in the gigantic struggle against twelve or fourteen of Hitler's best remaining Panzer divisions.

ARMY FORM B.2626

As an orderly room clerk I have recently been in a position to examine the reactions of 126 members of the Forces to the renowned Army Form B.2626. This figure comprises 12 officers, 8 sisters, 2 warrant officers, 8 sergeants, 18 corporals and lance-corporals and 78 men.

The story begins last June, when a printed Army Council Instruction extract, of the "Notice-Board Information" type, arrived from England and was straightaway displayed on the company notice-board. The extract gave a short summary of the purpose of B.2626, mentioning the importance of completing the form and advising the reader to apply for more detailed particulars at the orderly room. At that time neither the A.C.I. itself nor the Army forms had been received. It did not matter; no one applied for further information!

In early June the forms arrived, and shortly afterwards a Part I Order was issued on three successive days, explaining in full the nature of B.2626 and setting aside an hour each day for these forms to be completed in a special room under the supervision of the company officer. At the end of the three days the following had responded: 11 officers, 8 sisters, 1 warrant officer, 8 sergeants, 5 corporals and lance-corporals and 21 men; a total of 54, or about 42 per cent. of the whole.

The commanding officer thereupon published an additional Part I Order pointing out that so far the response was poor and emphasising the importance of the forms. Another period was set aside for the company officer to supervise and give assistance. It is relevant to note here that this officer is easily "approachable," and there are no forebodings in that direction. A pay parade provided a further opportunity. The figures then stood at: 11 officers, 8 sisters, 1 warrant officer, 8 sergeants, 12 corporals and lance-corporals and 32 men, totalling 72, or 57 per cent. of the whole.

The final task was entrusted to me by the company officer, that of personally seeing each non-applicant, to ensure that no one had missed the Part I Orders and to give any necessary explanations. The ultimate result was as follows: 11 officers, 8 sisters, 1 warrant officer, 8 sergeants, 17 corporals and lance-corporals and 52 men; in other words, a total of 97, or just under 77 per cent. of the whole. Out of 126, then, 1 officer, 1 warrant officer, 1 corporal and 26 men refused to complete the form. These I shall discuss in a moment, but some comments first:—

(i) The prevailing mood was undoubtedly lack of interest so far as the corporals and men were concerned. It will be seen that the officers, sisters and senior N.C.O.s were prompt in completing the form.

(ii) Though the final figure of 77 per cent. was probably higher than many percentages elsewhere, if I may judge from comparative reports available, the fact remains that personal contact and persuasion played a large part. Initiative was lacking. Frequently the soldier would say: "Well, I suppose I might as well fill the thing in. Will it take long to do?" Only three of those I interviewed seemed enthusiastic and had genuinely been prevented (by absence or admission to hospital) from completing the form on the previous occasions.

(iii) The confusion as to the meaning of the form was fairly general. Despite crystal-clear explanations, several kept saying: "I don't want to vote *now*," or "I'll think about voting when I'm home after the war," or "The form's only if you want someone to vote for you, isn't it?"

To those who refused to have any truck with B.2626 I submitted a short questionnaire.

The basic reason for refusal is Apathy. But this subdivides into what I may conveniently term Innate Apathy ("I'm not interested in politics," "Governments mean nothing to me," "I don't care a damn") and Disillusioned Apathy ("You don't get the things you're told you'll get when you vote; I *know*," "All politics are crooked," "They're all the same, whatever the Party"). The first group, which includes one officer eligible also for University vote, accounts for 14 of the refusals, the second for 7. A curious remark was added by one of the Innately Apathetic: "In any case," he asked accusingly, "how do I know that all these forms won't get lost in the post?"

A further two state that they are quite satisfied with the way things are ("I'm all right. Why bother?" and "The Government has never given me a raw deal"), the first being in civilian life a general labourer, the second a chartered accountant's apprentice. Two others explain that "You don't know anything about the man you're asked to vote for," one of them, a peace-time clerk, adding that he wanted a complete change of Government without any Party Politics, a concept he regarded as so impossible that it wasn't worth his being placed on the electorate roll. Two more argued that a man who is in the Army loses touch after a while with political ideas and he just hasn't enough knowledge to decide between Policy A and Policy B, but both added that they "believed very strongly in the emancipation of the working class." (Neither is a Communist.) This leaves us with the two most interesting replies: A warrant officer of 19 years' Army service, whose home is in Northern Ireland, says: "My only reason for wanting to use the vote would be to prevent the domination of Ulster by the South. The ultimate control of the North is inevitable by reason of Eire's numerical superiority, and my vote could not prevent it—nothing can stop it. So I see no point in becoming an elector." The other, a former hotel chef, says: "I'm a Scottish Nationalist, and I'll vote for the Scottish Parliament when my country is independent.

Of the above 29 non-applicants 17 have had the opportunity of voting before, and 9 have, in fact, used their vote. What is significant is that 8 of these 9 have previously voted for the Labour Party representative. When questioned on this point, the majority express disillusionment of the Labour Party's Socialist protestations.

I should perhaps mention that one corporal is strongly convinced that a true Christian relationship between man and man cuts across all politics, which are mostly insincere and half-hearted at best, and alone provides the solution for a better world. He completed his form, however, on the grounds that he could not thereby be taunted with subsequently formulating excuses for failing to fill it in when he had the chance.

Some conclusions:—

(a) It seems essential to explain the exact nature of the Army form. Many regard it as a proxy card and nothing else, many think it some kind of ballot paper, and many more fail to realise that the form must be completed before you can vote at the next election.

(b) Apathy is general, but it can be checked to some extent if a man is made to feel by personal contact with his company officer or a nominee that the matter really is in his own interest. A cold Part I Order with an instruction to report to the orderly room is not sufficient.

(c) The whole question of political education is raised. Army newspapers abroad help a little (very little). ABCA, with honest intentions, but in this case short foresight, asserts that it is not there to play a political propagandist part. Agreed, but could it introduce without comment a series of articles written by the various partisans, each laying down the party's principles (if any) and revealing that party's attitude on matters of vital importance? I was once permitted to give a series of talks in the Army on these lines, but that was some three years ago! I am certain that political education is the key to the whole problem.

C.M.F LANCE-CORPORAL.

A LONDON DIARY

ASTONISHING to me how sure journalists are about the excellences and efficiencies of this, that or the other general. Personally I have not the slightest basis for comparing Wavell, Auchinleck, Wilson, Alexander, Montgomery, Patton or Bradley. How compare the achievements of a general who does not succeed when he has a few inefficient tanks and little R.A.F. support with the spectacular victories of generals who have a vast superiority in men, armour and air support? Alexander is said to be exceptionally able. I have not the slightest idea whether he is more so than Wavell, whose plans did not coincide with those of the Prime Minister. Bradley, like Alexander, is clearly the intellectual type of general, whose qualities are different from those of a man like Patton who is to be regarded as a modern example of the dashing cavalry leader, a Murat or Rupert. As for Montgomery, he has been criticised as "over-cautious," but if he had taken risks and lost men those who criticise him now would accuse him of recklessness. The clear and fascinating part of the story is that on the basis of North African experience, the Germans underestimated the Americans and concentrated their heavy armour against the British. This worked excellently for us, because the fast-moving Americans swept on, taking risks, which we might have failed to run, while the British, specially good in a tight place, held the German armour, against which Patton might easily have thrown his men with heavy loss. But the chief architect of victory in this campaign seems to me to be Eisenhower. Everything I hear confirms the view that he is a big man. He has seen little fighting: he is in fact a first-class chairman of an expert committee. Obviously, he combines tact, will-power and managerial capacity. He has taught Americans and British to work together. I wish that Russians had been in Eisenhower's joint staff. He is the new type of commander whose job is organisation and co-ordination and the qualities required are not very different from those of a big business executive. They are possessed in a prominent degree by Stalin. The more fighting becomes a matter of mechanical weapons and vast supplies over distances, the more this type of organising mind will count in war as in peace.

* * *

In the course of an excellent dispatch, Douglas Williams, *Daily Telegraph* correspondent, gave an exciting account of the Paris Maquis, seen in action at its H.Q. in a deep basement. His description included the remark that all the officers and men there had the greatest veneration and loyalty for their 35-year old colonel, a hard-bitten fighter who served in Spain with the International Brigade and in 1939 joined the French Army as a private.

Some day the part played by the International Brigade will be appreciated. Tito has already won through, even in England, which is now almost the only country where it is still not officially considered an honour to have decided to fight Fascism when in Spain it began its attack on democracy. We can all think of men like Wintringham, of whom the authorities were apparently terrified. I recall one particularly brilliant man who had been on the Republican side in Spain and who has been consistently barred from sensible employment. On one occasion he was turned down on the ground that he was "a premature anti-Fascist." Superb phrase! Col. Rol, of the French resistance movement, seems to have been guilty of a similar precipitancy.

* * *

Greeks are still being court-martialled and sentenced to death (though none, as far as I know, has been executed) for taking part in the mutiny in the Greek Forces. Cairo reports the case of an officer who has refused to recognise the right of the court to try him on the ground that the Government which it serves is itself illegally based on a violation of the Constitution by the King. If, it is argued, the King acted illegally in dismissing the Greek Parliament *sine die* on August 4th, 1936, then he should be deprived of his throne as an offender against the Constitution. If, on the other hand, the lawyers hold that the King acted constitutionally, then he can uphold his arbitrary behaviour and legally bestow the blessings of another Metaxas dictatorship on Greece. However this argument goes, it is certain that the present King will always be associated with the Metaxas terror and that this stands in the way of Greek democrats accepting responsible positions under him. I may add from my own acquaintance with many Greeks of different parties that, apart from a small court circle and a few rich men outside it, I have met no Greek who is not some kind of Republican.

* * *

As a footnote to the suggestion that the letter I quoted written by Archbishop Sinnott of Winnipeg was a forgery, let me add another report from Canada. The Hon. Maurice Duplessis, leader of the French-Canadian *Union Nationale*, which has just won the Quebec elections, produced a letter at one of the public meetings in his campaign, purporting to refer to a drive launched by "The International Zionist Brotherhood" to settle no less than 100,000 refugees in the province of Quebec. One can imagine the effect such a suggestion would have on the already strong anti-Semitism in Quebec. Yet this letter was denounced immediately by the man to whom it was said to have been addressed as a "fantastic fabrication" comparable to the Parnell Letters or the Protocols of Zion. When Mr. Duplessis was publicly challenged to support his allegations, he neither substantiated them nor withdrew them. In fact, he went on repeating them, and the story must have had a useful effect on the voters, a large number of whom, like Mr. Duplessis, are Roman Catholics. I make no comment.

* * *

Norman Leys, who died the other day, was a remarkable man and he wrote a remarkable book, *Kenya*. He was one of those fanatics who are neglected while they are alive and recognised later on as peculiarly British. Authority, Governing Classes and Convention do not like them and call them at best "wrong-headed." Any kind of injustice horrified Leys, and as long as he knew it to exist he could not forget or ignore it, for unless he fought to end it he felt himself to be personally responsible for it. In the medical service in Kenya, he became aware of the injustice inflicted upon the Africans by economic exploitation and colonial policy. From that moment he could not rest and he devoted his life to attempting to right the wrong. He became a fanatical crusader, cheerfully prepared to sacrifice his every interest to his crusade. He helped the Masai tribe when they were scandalously treated by the Kenya Government and so ruined his official career. When he came back to England he wrote *Kenya*, which did more than anything else to open people's eyes to what was going on in Kenya and to change the whole attitude towards the treatment of "subject races" in Africa. The book and the author made their effect by their fanatical obstinacy and sincerity. Leys, like all fanatics, could be a bore, one of those bores who, like Robert Owen, as we know, are also the salt of the earth. But the only people whom he really bored were those who won't face unpleasant facts or who have a vested interest in them. In ordinary life, he was the most simple, modest and kindly of men.

* * *

A correspondent in the United States writes:

The Robot bombing has made this country feel that it is not isolated more than anything else in this war. The Robot has so long been a part of comic strips that when it came into being almost anything seemed possible that had ever been thought of by Verne, Wells or Heath Robinson. It has also revived very strongly the demand for a Peace that will ensure that Germany cannot suddenly Robot us all out of a secure sky in the future.

Quite so. And that is the sort of half moral that people always draw. And then, unless the moral is widened to its true world dimensions, someone will start a rumour that Robots are being manufactured in Siberia or the Argentine or England or China or elsewhere, and the cry will go up that America must have Robots, too, and not run any risks of being caught napping next time, and the stage will be set for the next act in the drama of race suicide.

* * *

By way of counter to my examples of unpopular American driving, I can vouch for the truth of the following pleasing incident. My friend, wearing the dress of an American war correspondent, offered 2*s*. 6*d*. to his taxi driver for a 2*s*. fare. The driver refused to take it. My friend asked him whether he was not satisfied with the tip. "Is it," he said, "because I am in American uniform?" The taxi driver said "Yes, it is. The way your boys are fighting in France is splendid. I won't take a penny from you!" One up for the *entente cordiale*, hands-across-the-sea line of talk.

* * *

Mr. Park is very indignant. For many years he has destroyed as many wasps' nests as he could trace. His only reward has been a word of gratitude and congratulation from local gardeners and farmers when he annually informs them, some time in September, that his bag this year is one hundred and something. This year the wasps are particularly bad. But the local chemists could sell him nothing that was lethal to wasps. He must get a permit, they said, from the War Agricultural Committee. Grumbling at red tape, Mr. Park called at the offices of the Committee, to be informed, he tells me, that they could not provide him with cyanide or any equivalent; they would, however, send a man to destroy nests at 3*s*. a time!

* * *

I have heard a new jest about V2. It is said to be a delayed-action device which sounds the "All Clear" half an hour before it goes off.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Richard Weininger.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

An English friend who was in his club when the news came through noted that members lunching there showed their Gallic sympathies by summoning the waiter with loud shouts of "garcon."—*Yorkshire Post.*

The mission reported that the American coal machinery sent to Britain was making a major contribution to speeding the defeat of the enemy, but, because of the shortage of trained men required to install and operate it, the machinery had not yet been put to use.—Report in *Manchester Guardian.*

Vicar required for living in Hertfordshire, nice parish, one church, workable house; moderate Churchmanship; Winchester or Eton and Oxford preferred.—Advt. in *Times.*

When the *Telegraph and Argus* tried to interview Alderman H. Hudson, chairman of the Holidays-at-Home Committee, this morning, they were informed that he had gone away for his holidays, and was not likely to be back in Bradford for at least ten days.—*Bradford Telegraph and Argus.*

"Winston"—Most lovable and fragrant crimson variety. Hardy and free. Will flourish for years to come. 2/6 ea., 27/6 doz.—Flower Advt. in *News Chronicle.*

VOCATIONALISM IN EIRE

ESTABLISHED four years ago by Mr. de Valera, the Commission on Vocational Organisation, under the chairmanship of the Most Rev. Michael Browne, Bishop of Galway, has now issued a five-hundred page report* which, if adopted by the Eire Government, would necessitate the reorganisation of all social and economic life in the Twenty-Six Counties.

Twenty-two members sat on the Commission which included four Labour Members, two of whom, Miss Loue Bennett and Senator Sean P. Campbell, presented a Minority Report. The other two, Mr. James Larkin, Senior, and Mr. Luke Duffy, Secretary of the Labour Party, did not sign the Report. The omission from the Report of Mr. Duffy's Memorandum to the Commission has caused a sensation in Labour circles. This Memorandum dealt with the essential foundations upon which vocationalism should rest, *i.e.* full employment, and criticised the monopolistic tendencies inherent in the vocational system. Based upon the Papal Encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII (*Rerum Novarum* in 1891, wherein Pope Leo "pleaded collaboration in place of class warfare") and Pope Pius XI (*Quadragesimo Anno* in 1931), the Commission's Report echoes the latter's advocacy of vocational groups because they "provide a remedy for the disorder of class warfare which is leading society to ruin" and "prevent undue State control."

It recommends vocational planning from the basic unit of the parish council, up to a "National Vocational Assembly." Whilst the proposed National Vocational Assembly would in the first instance be an "advisory body" to the democratically elected Eire Government, the Commission forecasts the possible replacement of the Government Second Chamber, or Senate, by the proposed Assembly.

The Commission's conclusions include the provision of legislation for vocational boards for each craft or trade, representative of both employer and workers. These boards would unite where necessary to form functional bodies covering common interests and would elect representatives to serve on six national bodies covering the professions, agriculture, industry, commerce, transport and finance.

At the peak of the vocational pyramid, 120 members from the six groups would serve on the National Vocational Assembly which would also include twenty co-opted members. The functions of the Assembly would be threefold, "co-ordination," "planning" and "consultation" in the economic, industrial, professional and agricultural spheres. It would constitute "the final court of appeal in cases of disputes in vocational matters, and would also have the final review of collective wage agreements, price agreements and group regulations in the interests of "industrial peace and regulation of production."

The members of the Assembly would not be eligible for membership of the present legislative bodies, but would have the title of "National Councillor." The first Assembly elected would remain in office three years, after which approximately one-third of the members in each category would retire and be replaced by new representatives from the same category. The principle of rotation would apply equally to co-opted members. National Councillors would receive no payment, other than expenses.

The recommendations of the Commission contain sinister parallels to the corporate state, and a detailed survey of Salazar's corporate regime concludes with a significant tribute to Portugal's dictator. In contrast, the Russian method of planning is dismissed as "markedly bureaucratic" with "no means of estimating the success achieved in relation to the material and human cost."

Inviting the lion of finance capital peacefully to ally itself with the lamb of Labour, the Commission's proposals still further diminish the powers of the trade unions, already circumscribed by the recent Trade Union Act. Advocating that in each industry workers' associations corresponding as closely as possible to employers' associations should be encouraged, the Commission points out the necessity for "registration." Strike action would only be permissible after conciliation machinery had failed. Each workers' association registered would appoint "an appropriate number of delegates to the industrial board of their own industry."

The Commission also significantly seeks to exclude contact with "alien" bodies by declaring that all trade unions should come within the jurisdiction of the Irish State, and sees in the payment of the political levy a sinister move for organising pressure on the State. At present nearly one-third of the organised workers in Ireland are members of unions affiliated to the British T.U.C. The Commission seeks to deprive Irish workers of this fraternal contact by contending that the national interest would best be served "by eliminating the danger of this country being used as a field of experiment in regard to wage policies."

Apart from the dangers of dictatorship in modern democratic countries, the Commission fears the "enormous growth and intervention and regulation by the State." It declares the alternatives to vocational organisation to be on the one hand competitive anarchy, and on the other State regimentation. "Any system," says the Report, "which seeks to avoid these extremes must necessarily adopt the principles of vocational organisation."

At a time when the free world is moving towards an extension of democracy, it comes as a shock to find an official Irish Commission advocating a return to a mediaevally inspired and currently discredited form of organisation.

Presumably because they have left the present political structure in Ireland untouched, the Commission explicitly deny that they have "even remotely suggested a vocationally organised State" or a "Corporate State." But the Commission states that "it may be found advisable to change the status of the vocational body" from an advisory to a legislative one!

Should the report be adopted it may well consolidate the existing "Border" which divides the Six Counties of the North under British control from their countrymen in the Twenty-Six Counties, not only because of its ideological but also because of its economic implications. A vocationally organised economy would find itself in conflict with the North, and it is doubtful to what extent it would be accepted by that powerful section in the South whose markets are still mainly in Great Britain, and whose political aspirations find expression in continued support of the British Commonwealth.

Perhaps the most disturbing feature is the attempt, underlying the Commission's Report, to head off the increasingly militant Labour Movement in Ireland. It is probable too that the Commission has not been totally unmindful of the fact that the ranks of Labour will shortly be strengthened by the return of thousands of war-workers from Britain, emigrants who have been exposed to influences which the Chairman of the Commission, the Bishop of Galway, has frequently denounced as "alien and materialistic."

It is pleasing to note that the Minority Report presented by the two Labour members, Miss Loue Bennett and Senator Campbell, while endorsing the principle of vocationalism within the limited scope laid down by the terms of reference which envisaged the continuance of private property, emphasises that the one reliable safeguard against totalitarian developments is that Parliament must maintain supreme power.

They also reject completely the proposals regarding "externally controlled Unions," as proposals which would infringe upon the rights of workers to choose their own form of organisation. Paying a tribute to the British unions, they declare that any trade union reorganisation is the task of the Irish T.U.C. alone. Despite the denial contained in the body of the Report, these Labour members express their fear of vocationally organised industry leading to monopoly.

No friend of the Irish people can read the Report without feeling disturbed at the clerical-Fascist tendencies continually expressed in its pages, alongside the lavish praise of Salazar and his corporate regime.

Ireland, which had its O'Duffy with his inglorious Blueshirts in Spain, to-day has its Fascist Party, Altiri nah Aiseirghe (Architects of Resurrection) complete with shirts, shouts and badges and a Gaelic façade to cover its inner reaction.

But Ireland also had its section of the International Brigade. There are to-day, growing and progressive forces which will undoubtedly resist any attempt to deprive them of their democratic heritage.

PAT DOOLEY

* Eire Commission on Vocational Organisation. 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE AUSTRALIAN REFERENDUM

IT is, perhaps, at first sight a little bewildering that the Australian Federal Government which only recently won an overwhelming victory in the general election, should have suffered so serious a defeat in the referendum by which it sought special powers, for five years after the war, to deal by federal action with the grave issues of reconstruction by which Australia will be faced. And it is even more bewildering that the largest majorities against its proposals should have been in the two States—New South Wales and Queensland—where its triumph at the general election was most complete.

Yet on reflection the result is less surprising than might appear. The Referendum, in any case, is a constitutional device which almost always weights the scales in a conservative direction. That has been true in Switzerland and in most of the States of the American Union. It mobilises against any special proposal, not only those who are opposed to its sponsors on general grounds, but also both those who oppose the particular change suggested, as well as those who, while they favour change generally, have persuaded themselves that this particular change is dangerous or ill-timed; and it enables all who have some special grievance to exploit to use its machinery to injure the prestige of the men who are responsible for appealing to its possibilities.

It is the nature of a referendum to have a bias against change; that is why Tory statesmen, like the late Lord Balfour, and Tory lawyers, like the late Professor Dicey, so strongly favoured its use. But even this inherent bias does not explain the size of the majority against the Federal Government's proposals. Something, no doubt, must be attributed to that illness which prevented Mr. Curtin from taking more than a very small part in the campaign of explanation. But far more was due to the fear of well-to-do Australians that every increase in federal power meant a step in the direction of Socialism with a Labour Government in office; that was probably what Mr. Menzies meant by calling the result a "victory for liberal democracy." A good deal, also, was due to the fear, among the working class, that the retention of federal control meant the right to direct them to jobs. Something must be attributed to that desire for a return to past habits which seems usually to be the outcome of the fatigue engendered by a long war. But I suspect that, all in all, the most important element in the defeat is the parochial temper which all federal systems tend to breed. Once there has been a division of powers under a federal system, it takes something like a political or economic earthquake to change the categories of the division. It is not, I think, accidental that the vital changes in the character of American federalism followed upon that revolution we call the Civil War, and upon the Great Repression of 1929. For federal-

ism since the New Deal is, and will remain, a very different thing from federalism before President Roosevelt entered the White House.

The refusal of these powers to the Federal Government is only too likely, when the war is won, to throw into impressive relief the breakdown of Australian federalism. The large capital investment it has made for war purposes will, granted the size of its population and the manner in which its wealth is distributed, make the need of export markets after victory very real. Unless they can be found—and without the good will of the United States it will not be easy to find them—the dangers of heavy unemployment will be acute. The alternative of a drastic reduction in the standard of Australian living is not very likely to commend itself either to the Curtin Government or to its supporters. Nor is it easy to see how a population as small as the Australian can bear the cost of seven separate systems of government, six of which, while they have the authority, lack the resources to plan on the necessary scale. The necessary unifying of the railway gauges still halts, and the cost of achieving it becomes heavier with each year of delay. Nearly half the population has drifted to the metropolitan areas, leaving a mean density of two persons per square mile of territory. That, as the years since 1943 have shown, makes the problem of Australian defence a grave one, and it raises issues about immigration into Australia of outstanding importance. But immigration will not prove an easy matter so long as the Australian tariff remains, for all practical purposes, a heavy drain on the net earnings of the primary producer.

Nor is Australia aided by the division of control in the area of finance. Federal and State powers in this field are both separate and concurrent. The result is that no real scheme of priorities of urgency is possible for any government which is seeking to meet the needs of its citizens in terms of a coherent plan. Nor is there an efficient relation between the principles which underlie the work of the Federal Court of Arbitration and those in the States. When the former body fixed the general wages-rates for sheep-shearers and was promptly outbidden by a State Industrial Court, the result was the very strike which arbitration exists to avert. All kinds of experts and authorities are duplicated in the Australian system, from the collection of statistics to the censorship of films; and it passes the wit of any man to find any principle of coherence in the duplication. Nor is it satisfactory, in the epoch of the positive State, that the residual powers of the Commonwealth should be in the States and not in the Federal Government, for the result is that uniformity is rarely attainable in those matters which modern experience has shown require uniformity. And to this must be added that when, in the critical post-war years, the responsibility for political decisions needs to be clear, direct, and unmistakable, the federal system will make it diffuse and incoherent to the point of serious danger.

No one can suggest that a country the size of Australia can be effectively governed from a single centre; the experience of Western Australia is, psychologically, sufficient evidence of this conclusion. But it is important that there should be uniformity of treatment for uniform things, and that the powers of the Australian Government should be adequate to the welfare of Australia as a whole. They are not so adequate to-day; and the result of the referendum is that a variety of interests, for the most diverse reasons, have refused to make them so. The people has spoken; and the Curtin Government must accept, at least for the time being, the decision it has made. But I do not think it is a rash judgment to predict that within five years of the war's end Australian constitutional reform will be the main theme of discussion among its citizens. I think they may even find, in the heat of the changes the war has involved, that Mr. Menzies' "liberal democracy" will cease to be regarded as either liberal or a democracy.

HAROLD J. LASKI

NO CELLULOID UTOPIA

[The author of this article, Dallas Bower, was Supervisor of Film Production to the Ministry of Information during 1939-40. He is a producer-director, his current production being Shakespeare's *Henry V*, of which he is Associate Producer. He replies here to our article on "The Future of British Films," Aug. 12, and defends against its critics the "Rank monopoly."]

IT is understandable that publicists, in discussing the extremely complex industry of motion picture production, distribution, and exhibition, should be distracted from the salient points of the industry's present problems by the very nature of the industry's complexity. No modern activity offers greater attraction for amateur sociologists and adolescent dramatic critics. The vast machinery evolved during less than fifty years for the transmission of wish-fulfilment and self-identification on a stupendous scale—a kind of proletarian dope tantamount to alcohol but, as it were, an alternative to it—very naturally offers immense scope and comparatively virgin ground for the *dilettante* explorer in mass psychology, the economics of entertainment, and the intricate technique of a rapidly growing craft. And, as the value of a first-year medical student's views on penicillin is questionable, or the disputing of a thesis of the Astronomer Royal's by an individual whose knowledge of astronomy extends to having once seen the *nebulae* in Orion through a telescope on the end of the pier at Brighton, so must the recent publicity given to the affairs of the British Film Industry—publicity in dimension widely out of proportion to the industry's *intrinsic* value at such a time as this—be taken *cum grano salis*.

In 1939-40 film production in this country had practically ceased. It looked as if British technicians who had spent their lives learning their business had learnt it to no purpose. Taking no leaf out of Russia's book, or the enemy's highly organised official cinematograph services, our Government at that time put no store by the cinema as an instrument of propaganda and political power. It was only the tenacity of a small minority which brought off the, on the whole, satisfactory compromise between officially sponsored short-film production and officially encouraged commercial production of "feature" films. But a still smaller minority in the very early days of the war saw clearly that the propaganda value of *explicit* short films was doubtful, and that their production on the scale at that time permitted was quite inadequate to maintain an industry. The well-made, large-scale feature film containing an *implicit* meaning within the sugar of its story is the only sort of cinema the world cinema public will take in, because the world cinema public has been properly conditioned only to that kind of film. Consequently, production on this scale was necessary if the cinema was to have any lasting value in the overall war effort.

A tentative experiment was made with *49th Parallel*. A Select Committee immediately advised the Government to have no further truck with, as it implied, a highly speculative and somewhat filibustering enterprise. Nine months after the film's ultimate release the Parliamentary Secretary of the Department responsible for this "recklessness" with public funds was pleased to tell Parliament that the investment so severely condemned had made fifteen per cent. on the capital involved. The very small minority, however, knowing something about its job, had anticipated a large advantage accruing to the Treasury, and had prepared a plan for the nationalisation of the film production industry as a whole. No other solution seemed possible, despite the gravest misgivings as to what such control would entail—an end to the free *artistic* endeavour of the film production industry in the shapes of its becoming a body similar in constitution to that highly pathetic public utility corporation the B.B.C., and doubtless as strangled politically, inept, lacking in courage, and as bogged in red tape. The plan was approved by the Minister who would have had to answer for it and, by a stroke of Providence, effectively capsized.

Production outside the officially sponsored shorts showed signs of reviving. An industrialist in the person of Mr. J. Arthur Rank, hitherto in no way connected with the entertainment world, had been slowly acquiring a large number of cinema theatres. Dissatisfied with the *average* picture his theatres had by necessity to exhibit, Mr. Rank decided to enter production himself. Slowly, he has built up a huge framework of a quite unique kind; for the producers whom Mr. Rank employs have never in the history of the cinema enjoyed so much artistic independence or so little interference with their methods of work. The objective or technical quality of British films has never been better than it is in the more ambitious efforts produced under these auspices; the subjective or thematic value never more adult. Assisted by able lieutenants, such as Mr. Filippo Del Giudice, Mr. Michael Powell, and Mr. Maurice Ostrer, Mr. Rank has given young British directors, writers, etc. their heads, and British films have not merely prospered but flowered. Without suggesting any discourtesy to our Ally, has America given us better films than *One of our Aircraft is Missing*; *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp*; *In Which We Serve*; *The Way Ahead* or *This Happy Breed*? Less ambitious undertakings such as *Fanny by Gaslight* and *The Man in Grey* have proved their worth in terms of very high box-office receipts. Mr. Rank's essays in production are not confined only to films necessitating "outrageous expenditure." Would a fully Government controlled industry have produced *any* of these films in view of their production cost? It is greatly to be doubted.

In the *News Chronicle* of the 10th August, 1944, Mr. J. B. Priestley attacks Mr. Rank on grounds of extravagance, for acquiring fifty per cent. of the nation's available studio space and thereby "squeezing out" independent producers of whom, he furthermore implies, there will soon be very few left. Messrs. Michael Balcon, Robert Clark, Louis Jackson, George King and others have as yet shown no signs of losing their independence to Mr. Rank. Mr. Balcon chooses to make films on a smaller scale, and indeed, pictures of his such as *The Foreman Went to France* have been highly successful. But that does not preclude the desirability of Mr. Rank sponsoring the production of *Henry V* and *Caesar and Cleopatra*, if he chooses to be sufficiently courageous to do so. When Mr. Priestley says that *Henry V* has cost half a million pounds (which it has not) and that three other plays of Shakespeare's could have been made for that sum, he is merely expressing a deplorable ignorance of present-day production finance and a personal prejudice in favour of Mr. Balcon.

Rather than attempting to restrict the resources which are being made available for producers through the Rank organisation—all of them artistically independent, which is the only sort of independence of consequence—we should encourage the release of more studio space at present occupied by the Government, so that the number of British films in work each year might steadily increase. Whether the producers at present outside the Rank Group remain outside or come within it is beside the point, providing they continue to make good films.

There is only one danger which critics on either side of the fence seem to have foreseen. It might very well suit the book of an extreme Right Government to throw a controlled film industry to the Left as a sop. Celluloid, with all the aurora and glamour it commands, might be used just in that way as a little piece of Party ransom-gambling. You can talk about celluloid with far greater vociferousness than you can about coal or cotton. The extreme Left critics, such as Mr. Bond, would then get very much more than they had bargained for. The more moderate critics of Mr. Rank would then pray devoutly, but too late, for another Mr. Rank.

DALLAS BOWER

MILESTONE

Sept. 3rd, 1939—Sept. 3rd, 1944

However long a war may last
And dates must never be forecast,
The worst is usually past
When five full years have flown;
The first five years are critical
For building war-material
And problems of home-front morale
Must not be left alone.

The first five years must play their part
To give the next five years a start,
To keep war-workers in good heart,
Though every nerve is strained;
War measures must be improvised
And war Departments organised,
And everybody mobilised
(Or otherwise detained.)

The first five years provide the test
For public cheerfulness and zest,
And keeping up its interest
As belts are tighter drawn;
Therefore the first five years require
Winged words of energy and fire
To waft men's thoughts to something higher—
To wit: the coming dawn.

The first five years of shock endured,
The populace becomes inured,
The end (if not in sight) assured,
Whatever be in store;
Thenceforth war leaders need not fear,
Though victory should not appear
Before the tenth or twentieth year,
Or even somewhat more.

For once the first five years have seen
The gearing of the State machine,
It runs thereafter by routine
With smoothness and success,
No matter if there come to be
(As in some wars of history)
A tinge of creeping apathy
Or slight war-weariness.

And so, with sober confidence,
Begot of vast experience
In wars progressively immense
And globally dispersed,
However lengthy and widespread,
Whatever setbacks loom ahead,
It can be definitely said,
The first five years are worst.

SAGITTARIUS

THE MOVIES

"Children of the City" M.O.I.
"Mr. Emmanuel" at the Gaumont.

After seeing the latest Paul Rotha documentary, I wanted to write the most enthusiastic review of which I was capable. It is so seldom that one can come away from a movie and be quite sure that it is one that will matter in the history of the cinema. But then I realised that very few people are going to see *Children of the City* at present. This sensitive and intelligent study of child delinquency in Scotland has been made for the Scottish authorities to use for the instruction of teachers and welfare workers. So, until it is recognised as an outstanding example of British filmcraft and given a wider showing, most people will have to take my word that it will become a classic. Like the Russian *Road to Life*, another superb film on the same subject, this picture is something more than a formal record of juvenile crime and rehabilitation. Rotha has lifted his story right away from the personal details of the three boys who burgle a pawnbroker's, turning it into a great social picture, which in its own field, rivals his *World of Plenty*. And he has done it precisely by taking those personal details and setting them into the background of back streets, poverty-stricken homes and hours of leisure that can be spent only in the gutter. A boy's rolling squint, a drunken father, a respectable mother picking at her gloves as she faces the juvenile court, are snapshots of a problem, of a system. But they are not merely an indictment. That comes as much from our failure so far to provide an adequate answer. Rotha has rightly not attempted this. If he had, the film would have lost a great deal of its excellence.

Halfway through the film version of Louis Golding's novel I had not made up my mind whether I was bored by its slow-moving and improbable plot or embarrassed by its sentimental treatment. By the end, I knew. *Mr. Emmanuel* is the best tear-jerker in months. Felix Aylmer, escaping from an unhappy past of snooping schoolmasters and prim clergymen, gives a charming and sensitive portrait of the old naturalised Jew who goes to Nazi Germany to find the mother of a young refugee. After a lifetime in Magnolia Street, this adventure is nothing to the ex-member of the Doomington Board of Guardians who, armed only with a passport and a quiet, unbreakable courage expects his journey to yield nothing more than a series of tedious enquiries. Having promised the anxious boy that he will find his mother, nothing will stop him. Arrested as the ringleader of an international gang alleged to have killed a Nazi chief; beaten in the Gestapo prisons; released through the intervention of the daughter of his neighbour in Doomington (the girl, of course, who sings in a Berlin night-club, is the mistress of one of Göring's playmates); poor Mr. Emmanuel is still unable to make head or tail of Nazi Germany. The film is not quite as crude as this; for there are passages which are genuine and sincere, and, if it is never exciting, there are one or two moments when you forget that most of the story moves just a little faster than a taxi in a London fog. I hope this is not the last word of the cinema on the majestic agony of the Jews.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Correspondence

TRADE UNION STRUCTURE

SIR,—The recent decision of the Miners' Federation to amalgamate the several mineworkers' trade unions reflects tendencies which are and have been in operation over the whole field of industrial and economic life. The ease with which the proposals were carried through the Nottingham conference indicates a healthy flexibility and absence of conservatism on the part of the miners' leaders and representatives. If the Trade Union movement as a whole is to continue to play an important part in the national life, then this example must be imitated in other industries, for the peculiar problems of the mining industry are by no means the only reason for this step. What has happened in the mining unions is the logical outcome of far wider developments in industry and in the economic life of the nation as a whole. There is far more in this movement than a mere desire to increase the efficiency of the collective bargaining machine or to facilitate trade union administration. If we leave out of account the Big-Unionism of the Owenite variety—which had its origins in entirely different conditions—we can see that the tendency towards the centralisation of working-class industrial organisations is a product of the last thirty or forty years, and that it has developed in reply to the growth of monopoly capitalism. There could be no other course, for alike in origin and function the Unions have been largely defensive organisations, working within capitalism and being thereby sensitive and responsive to their environment. In the same way the political neutrality of the Unions in the nineteenth century was swept away when it became obvious that very little more could be expected by way of concessions from the bickering and petty squabbles of the Liberals and Tories. In an expanding economy of *laisser-faire* capitalism the limited weapons of the nineteenth century local Unions were sufficient to extort a gradually increasing share of the national income for the workers. But that could not continue: Free Trade and *laisser-faire* became things of the past, competitors to Britain appeared on the scene to compel economies. With industry moving, from this point onwards, towards centralised control of costs, prices, markets and so on, what alternative had the Unions but to organise on a similar scale? They have to confront a centralised enemy (closely linked up with all the apparatus of State) and to leave themselves open to attack as small, isolated unco-ordinated groups would be courting disaster. Accordingly large-scale industrial organisation becomes the practice, and equally with the industrialists the Unions struggle for as much protection from the State as possible in order to make up the balance of forces. The wartime incursions of the State into industrial and economic life have intensified this movement.

The effect of all this on the rank and file Trade Unionist is interesting and significant; more often one finds the Union Officials being referred to as "they," and more often the officials are complaining about "lack of discipline" among their membership. Why should there be this gulf? If wage agreements—and industrial issues generally—are settled on a national basis, instead of locally as hitherto, then it is fairly obvious that the average workman will have considerably less say in the making of that agreement. Greater complexities are introduced when a wages question has to be settled to the satisfaction of the whole country: complexities which cannot be readily understood without an intimate technical knowledge of the issues involved. When anomalies and injustices arise and nobody on the spot seems to know anything about them, the natural reaction is to blame the men who made the agreement.

The Trade Unions, then, are changing, and their organisation is growing and becoming more influential; but these changes carry considerable dangers with them. If Union centralisation is to be of real benefit to the Labour movement then it must be accompanied by a loosening up of the internal structure of the unions to ensure that there can be a far quicker and more direct contact between the rank and file and those in administrative capacities. Without this we will almost certainly see a tough and unyielding bureaucratic Unionism growing up—and, almost certainly, the use of Regulation IAA against the militant membership.

THOMAS KENNEDY

19 Hawthorn Terrace,
Durham.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

SIR,—As an ex-Public School boy who for twenty years has taught in a maintained secondary school, may I add my contribution to your columns? The leading public schools (about 30 in number) have a standard of scholarship, integrity and personal freedom which the secondary schools hope to reach in the near future. If these public schools take 25 per cent. entrants from the elementary schools, they will take so few boys that they will hardly touch the problem. The boys, after a shaky start, will probably be accepted, each at his own true worth by the other boys of the school; but how will they mix with their brothers and sisters at home who have not the clothing, pocket-money and other possessions which are required at the public schools? And when they leave school, if they do not succeed in getting a good job, how contentedly will they settle down?

Most of the lesser boarding public schools have far less to offer the elementary schoolboy. They have certainly no higher standards than the better secondary schools, and in their desire to attain to the heights of the leading public schools many of them are too much afraid to trust their own boys and give them the requisite freedom for proper development. Of all schools for boys of secondary age they are the most dominated by snobbery which (*pace* Mr. R. Shaw) is almost entirely absent from maintained secondary schools. Are these schools worth subsidising by the payment of fees by the Government?

The maintained secondary schools have advanced during the century so rapidly that they should be trusted to take another step forward. A boarding house of adequate size and amenities (space prevents more definition) attached to each school through which most boys should pass in their last year or two would give the benefits of community life at the most suitable age, would enable them to live with other boys of their own economic status, would not rob the secondary schools of a few of their best pupils, would not remove the sixth form to other schools, as Mr. Watts proposes (a move good for neither boy nor school), and would cost comparatively little. The bulk of academic boys will have to attend the

maintained secondary day schools for the mere reason of numbers, if for no other reason. Let us concentrate on making these schools as good as possible and opening to their boys wider possibilities of service to the community. Is not the provision of boarding houses for these schools more important than the transference of a few boys to the public schools?

T. P. R. LAYNG

Three Ways,
Stapleford, Cambridge.

SIR,—S. P. B. Mais's suggestion that the majority of public spirited people come from Public Schools is quite untenable if "devoting themselves to the service of their fellow men" includes service on local authorities, activity in Trade Union and Friendly Societies, running the Co-operatives, building and maintaining working class political bodies and so on. Of course, very few of such people get noticed in the obituary columns of the *Times*, so the fact that nearly all of them have received not Public School, nor even Secondary education, but *elementary* education, may escape the notice of most of the readers of the journals circulating among "gentlemen." But this fact merits attention: the overwhelming bulk of public service is rendered by people who have had none of the benefits of superior education. Is it not apparent that the explanation is that such education is designed to destroy the impulses of friendship and affection so noticeable among common people and that this is, in fact, what training in leadership given at Public Schools aims to achieve?

Public Schools can claim some true gentlemen among their ex-pupils, but the system has produced on the whole a class either definitely anti-social or else incapable of checking such evils. That is to say that it is a menace to our society and ought to be abolished without delay.

J. W. RAISIN

Park House, Near Gunthorpe,
Notts.

THE GREEK MONARCHY

SIR,—On reading the comments of the Tory press this week concerning the recently achieved unity in Greece, the following thoughts occur to every democratic Greek:—

1. The Atlantic Charter has no meaning.
2. This war is becoming less ideological.
3. Might is right.
4. "Even gods are convinced by necessity."

And to alleviate somewhat the despair, one has to remember the immortal Lord Byron's "God will not always be a Tory."

We Greek democrats will always be faithful to E.A.M. in gratitude for organising resistance movements in Greece, while the leaders of other political parties, now scrambling for posts with the support of the British Government, were either like fakirs praying Allah to save them from the German and Bulgarian oppressors, or actively opposing E.A.M.'s arduous struggle.

A semblance of unity may have been achieved by supporting the bankrupt reactionaries, but it cannot be maintained, since it is based on a compromise of fundamental principles. To carry on the fight with enthusiasm, the Greeks need reassurance that they will be able to choose their own form of government. To be convinced of this they must have an incontrovertible public declaration by the King that in no circumstances will he return to Greece before the nation freely decides the form of constitution it desires. There must also be immediate amnesty for all political and military prisoners. The patriotic fight of the E.A.M. must be publicly acknowledged and the part it has played in the liberation of the country must be related in true proportion to the lesser part played by other parties, during the most critical stage of foreign occupation.

We hope that M. Papandreou will not lose his head with the praises he receives from his foreign friends, but will truly try to co-operate with the E.A.M. leaders and forget the old vendetta spirit. Until we see genuine signs of it we shall remain sceptical, and rightly so.

E. H. ATHANASSOGLOU

15, New Street,
Bishopsgate.

THE WOMEN OF INDIA

SIR,—We in Great Britain are troubled at the slow progress of events in India with regard to its political problems. We know how great the difficulties are and we realise that they are not only political but psychological. Distrust of one another immensely increases them, and it is strongly felt by all the parties to the problem. May I, just because this is so, appeal to those British people who care for India to join in one expression of sympathy which is wholly without political significance but which is good in itself and human in its intention?

Mrs. Gandhi died a little while ago. Her life was not spent in political work, but was one of selfless devotion to her husband. She spent herself in the service of his health and well-being, and stands to the people of India of all communities and classes as the very incarnation of devoted womanhood. An appeal is being made both there and in this country for a fund of, roughly, £550,000, to promote education among the women of India. The need is very great, the object one of incalculable importance to the future of the country—and indeed of the world, for India is now not far from one-fifth of the world's population. The money raised will be presented to Mr. Gandhi on his seventy-fifth birthday, October 2nd. It will be the entire collection, for all expenses are being borne by the Indian Women's Committee.

It is earnestly hoped that the people of this country will share generously in helping to do for the women of India what has already been done for us women of Great Britain. As one whose years at school and university have been among the best of her life, may I address an appeal to all women who have been equally fortunate, all who would like to have been so but missed the chance, and all men who know and sympathise with what education in its many forms has meant to themselves and to their women?

Donations should be sent to Joya Javeri, Hon. Treasurer of the Indian Women's Committee, 165, Strand, W.C.2.

MAUDE ROYDEN

THE MARXIST INTERPRETATION

SIR,—It may appear from Mr. Raymond Mortimer's brilliant review of Professor Trevelyan's latest work that all Marxists are so "unsophisticated as to accept the exclusively economic interpretation of history." In spite of this being in no way applicable to any of the true exponents of Marxism, the view still persists that the Marxist interpretation of history necessarily implies belief in a mechanical economic causality. A proper knowledge of Marx's own writings shows the unreality of such a view-point and in particular, a letter written by Marx's collaborator, Engels, to Joseph Bloch as long ago as 1890 includes the following:

> According to the materialist conception of history the determining element in history is ultimately the production and reproduction in real life. More than this neither Marx nor I have ever asserted. If therefore somebody twists this into the statement that the economic element is the only determining one, he transforms it into a meaningless, abstract and absurd phrase.

And further on in the same letter:

> Marx and I are partly to blame for the fact that younger writers sometimes lay more stress on the economic side than is due to it. We had to emphasise this main principle in opposition to our adversaries, who denied it, and we had not always the time, the place or the opportunity to allow the other elements involved in the interaction to come into their rights. But when it was a case of presenting a section of history, that is, of a practical application, the thing was different and there no error was possible. Unfortunately, however, it happens only too often that people think they have fully understood a theory and can apply it without more ado from the moment they have mastered its main principles, and those even not always correctly. And I cannot exempt many of the more recent "Marxists" from this reproach, for the most wonderful rubbish has been produced from this quarter too.

But perhaps it was only to these latter gentlemen that Mr. Mortimer was referring when he wrote about the "bigots of Marxism"?

J. R. ST. JOHN

59, Granville Road, Northchurch,
Berkhamsted, Herts.

WARSAW AND MOSCOW

SIR,—The Official Station of the Polish Committee of Liberation in Russia can hardly be disowned by the Soviet Government, and it was undoubtedly with the full approval of the Soviet Government that this station broadcast on July 30th, 1944, a precise appeal to the Poles in Warsaw to rise. "People of Warsaw to arms! The whole population should gather round the Committee of Liberation. Attack the Germans. Stop the Germans destroying public buildings. Assist the Red Army in crossing the Vistula. Give it information and show it the best fords. The more than a million inhabitants ought to become an army of a million men fighting for liberation and destroying the German invaders."

Does England still stand for what may loosely be called Liberal principles? Do we object to aggression as such or only to Fascist aggression? Have Poland and the Baltic States as much claim to our sympathy when threatened with annexation as open or disguised as Abyssinia? Are we prepared to accept "plebiscites" held by an occupying power? We may not be able to prevent these crimes but, at least, let us clear our minds of cant.

ARNOLD LUNN

The Athenaeum.

[The first paragraph of this letter is referred to in Comments, p. 146. On the second paragraph we can say without cant that the reabsorption of the Baltic States (seized from Russia during the last war) does not seem to us to violate any important principle.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE ECONOMICS OF PEACE

SIR,—As Dr. C. A. Smith seems to consider that my review of Walter Padley's book is misleading and unfair, I have re-read *The Economic Problem of the Peace* to see if I should revise my judgment. I see no reason to do this. Dr. Smith disputes my assertion that Mr. Padley "produces nothing beyond the slogans of the Independent Labour Party as a guide to the post-war world," and states Mr. Padley's thesis in four points. I fail to see how these four points differ essentially from the I.L.P. policy. On the other hand, I was careful not to say that the book consisted solely of slogan-mongering. That in itself is no criticism. It undoubtedly contains a "wealth of statistical support" for the argument; my contention was that the historical argument was mechanical and dogmatic; that the facts marshalled to substantiate the necessity of a United Socialist States of Europe were inadequate and were not representative of the main direction events have taken in recent years; and that, in spite of Padley's close study of Keynes, his thesis rests on a series of pseudo-Marxist generalisations which simply do not apply to contemporary conditions in the way he asserts. I still consider that his conception of Socialism and the road to power is more "in the grand nineteenth-century manner" than based on a realistic and original assessment of the problems facing the European Labour Movement in the next period.

YOUR REVIEWER

WHAT IS FREEDOM?

SIR,—However sympathetic one may be to Mr. Herbert Read's literary anarchism and politics, I feel that his claim that three particular "journals" (edited by his disciples) are "representative" and "reveal" the political trend of the younger intellectuals, let alone the trend of the younger generation and those of the Forces, falls rather wide of the mark and should not be allowed to pass altogether unchallenged. Surely the author of "The Politics of the Unpolitical" is here indulging in the game of centralised literary politics?

KEIDRYCH RHYS

Llanybri, Carm.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Le Roy asked me the inevitable question about the end of the war, and I said that I saw no good reason why it should end until the Huns were badly beaten. Since nations counted money no more than pebbles on a beach, and all would probably repudiate in one form or other at the end of the war, there seemed no reason for stopping, especially as so many people were growing rich by the war; the ladies liked being without their husbands, and all dreaded the settlement afterwards, industrial, political, financial and domestic.

This acid thought for the day occurs in the diary of Col. Repington and was written in 1917. And there is another entry, made in the same year, which might stand beside it:

Lady Ridley and I discussed what posterity would think of us in England. We agreed that we should be considered rather callous to go on with our usual life when we were reading of 3,000 to 4,000 casualties a day. But she said that people could not keep themselves elevated permanently on some plane above the normal and she supposed that things round us explained the French Revolution and the behaviour of the French nobility. . . . Personally I think that the hostesses of this time have done an infinity of good in helping to keep people steady, sane and cheerful. The only visible signs of war are that the men now wear usually short coats and black ties in the evening, that dinners are shorter and that servants are fewer and less good. There is a want of taxis and of petrol, and sugar in some places is rather scarce. . . . The working classes are well paid. . . .

Well, after recovering from that last stupendous sentence, what does posterity think?

Col. Repington's diary about the doings of those who usually wore short coats and black ties in the last war is a document of some morbid interest to ourselves. A cavalcade of political and military gossip when it was first published, the diary now goes by like some interminable state funeral, a funeral of the years; but not without those grotesque touches which happily enliven the road to the cemetery. Col. Repington had the first gift of a good diarist—a passionate narrowness in his interests. He confined himself to the best society and, on the questions of the war, he kept to one party, the party which defended the soldiers against the politicians. As a one-time military attaché and a journalist, he was a busybody by appointment, and he buzzed loudest and with some authority on questions of strategy. He started the public row about the shell shortage which brought Lloyd George the leadership; but he was violently opposed to the sideshows that followed. He ran a great many errands. One is interested in the Colonel now because he is a war type who recurs, in so many sizes. Gay, combative, always on the go and delighted with himself, Colonel Repington has that electric self-importance which war switches on in innumerable minor figures as well as in the great. He is the great hanger-on; the quintessential war snob.

That is one frightful thing about the Repington Diaries: we enjoy them. We like to see Ll. G. "in the dumps," Winston "very warm," and the Londonderrys at tea. We half-envy that screeching parrot called Society with its flag days, its hospitals, its dinners, its diplomats, its bridge, its passion for Doris Keane, and its last sayings of A.J.B., its invasion rumours and even its hysteria. This is, after all, Henry James's world; it is not far from Meredith's. The spectacle is romantic and one can understand why, at the beginning of this war, the older hands wished to revive the 1914 spirit. There were muddle and incompetence beyond belief; behind the men in short coats and black ties, are the trudging muddy millions in Europe going like cattle to the slaughter; but the romantic feeling is nevertheless there simply because this is the first important war for a century. And then, because of the mass slaughter—370,000 casualties up to the Somme—that romantic feeling becomes hysterical; and leaves us twenty years later with no romantic feeling at all to carry us into our own war. Exhaustion and nausea turned us into the Puritans of warfare. We—perhaps I should say we who were not old enough to know much about that war—look back upon it as upon some old music hall song which is sentimental, vulgar, and yet which is also—we know too well—a profound and shapeless dirge. And we feel about Col. Repington's war that we sometimes feel about our older relations: that, compared with ourselves, *they* are the people who really suffered and that they did so before they had time to know why or to learn the art.

How do we differ from our fathers? Science has made us totalitarians. The radio and the switchboard keep us in step. We became units at once in 1940; our fathers could not face that. Of course they never believed they might lose the war—they frequently talked of arranged peace; and although things were often bad, it was, we suspect, because of a general bad adjustment to the conditions and impedimenta of modern life. The food shortage, the shell shortage, the man-power shortage—our fathers made the first, stumbling steps towards total war. But they were never desperately alone. They talked about invasion once or twice; they were sufficiently alarmed to turn down the Channel Tunnel project; they spoke a great deal about the Channel ports; but they—the people in the black coats—were never finally up against it, as we were. At no period between 1914 and 1918 was the occupation of Britain by a foreign army an immediate possibility. Our elders did not have to face the loss of large portions of the Commonwealth; nor did they have to face the prospect of treason. Treason was an Irish speciality. No one could imagine that in the next twenty years it would become a characteristic European disease, carried by the red and the black ideologies, and with a large number of British cases.

Another difference between the two wars is suggested by some of the notes in the Colonel's diary. Lady So-and-So says at tea we shall "all" be ruined. After the war she will have to be a typist. The old families would be hopelessly poor and they saw that a pleasant way of life would have gone. But they did not think this was the end of civilisation; they saw it meant the decline of their own class. They did not especially fear this; what they feared was revolution. The Clyde was Red—how quiet the Clyde has been in this war! Lloyd George often used the revolutionary bogy and a Labour Leader silenced Curzon by telling him he would either have to be accommodating or the consequences would be violent. When we turn to our own war the change is extraordinary. At one period, at the time of Dunkirk, the blitz and the total call up of men and women, the word revolution was even fashionable. The most eminent people have welcomed the revolutionary character of the war. We have felt that our war is a war to defend civilisation, even when we are not reading official propaganda; and we have felt this not because we are especially clear about what our civilisation is, but because we have thought that this war and the kind of society that produced it, was a conspiracy against man. And whereas in the last war the social ideas of the Left were totally swallowed by nationalism, in this war they have been only partially swallowed. All classes went into this war with a developed social conscience, and the social legislation which has been enacted—modest as it is—has been enacted because it is part of the equipment we have used against the Fascist idea. The Col. Repington of our war will not have dined only at the Ritz; he will have been in canteens as well. We have been fighting not only for the defeat of Germany as our fathers did; unlike them we have not been fighting for eternal peace, we have fought consciously for "the world after the war."

It may well be that the social idealism, which has played a part in this war, is a fairy tale. It may be that it distracts us from what is really happening; and that we shall wake up and find we are a colony of white ants. Two great wars may have completed the degeneration and enslavement of civilised man; but, if this is so, it only marks our difference from Col. Repington's contemporaries more clearly. We have grasped fully, what they could not grasp, the revolution of technique. We shall have become white ants from sheer skill and adaptation. Col. Repington's outbursts about the food muddle in the last war, would not be justified in war now. We feed our people better and have a juster distribution of food than in peace time. We have been more realistic, more adventurous, more drastic; and we have been helped in this by the awful but lucky abolition of the difference between the soldier and the civilian. For when the soldier waves goodbye from the carriage window it is not he alone who may be going to his death. For long periods he has led a safer life than the man in the street and the horrors of Dunkirk and Normandy have been approached by the horrors of Liverpool and London in the raids. Compared with our elders who were stunned by mass slaughter and who took refuge from the general mourning in complacency or wild life, we have had to see precise suffering with our own eyes and to know that to-morrow we might be the corpse.

Col. Repington was born in 1858. He had a solid world behind him, the conventions of diplomacy, the irony of fashion. He could always glance back. Mrs. Duggan was

> in the most attractive widow's weeds imaginable. Caillaud of Paris makes a speciality of mourning for war widows apparently. These particular weeds included a very pretty hat in crape, with a veil hanging down behind, or rather streamers, and a narrow band of white crape round the hat next her face and also under her chin.

Lazslo painted her and the Princess Victor Napoleon "raved." There was remarkable old 1794 brandy to be had in 1918. There was moonlight bathing, Cabinet Ministers were prone to talk about love, Admirals went to the fortune teller and heard good news about their careers. Lady R said no woman ever loved a good man and Lady J—always looking up at the word "love"—said that loving a good man was the last thing to give satisfaction. In the House of Commons Lady X "made a very audible remark in the Gallery. Mrs. Y had hissed her down, whereupon Lady X had said that she would not be hissed down by any woman. Miaou!" W. H. Davies was brought to a lunch in the roughest of tweeds, and no one had read his poems and he could not pronounce Kut. Mr. Thurlow, the builder, said his workmen were all old and were afraid to go up ladders, and the war had taught him how we all depended on one another. Would Mrs. Duggan's wonderful weeds be as long next time? And who would rave?

To the reader who knew the Repington world, the diaries are packed with innuendo and evocation which those of us who did not know it, cannot grasp, but we come upon the frivolities of the last war with relief. They are less sinister than the ambitions. We guess at the frenzy these frivolities conceal; we are charmed by the inanities. They relieve the bursting self-importance of people "in the know," the avid gossip of the hangers-on, the awful preponderance of human vanity that tips the scale of great events. For in war people feel their power. Worse, they feel a divine mission to save their faces. It must be so under any dispensation. Tolstoy has described the flies buzzing round the official honeypot in *War and Peace;* the same story was told of the war behind the scenes in the Republican ranks during the Spanish civil war. Even now, a party is waiting for the arrival of someone "close to" Winston, "close to" Eisenhower, to drop a lovely particle of inside information, to tell a new Monty story, as twenty-eight years ago they waited for A.J.B.'s latest mystification. It gives one the creeps. It gives one a hangover; but how we wish, how acutely we wish, we were there. It is all very well for Tolstoy to say that we do more for our country by staying at home.

V. S. PRITCHETT

POETRY AND THE WAR

A Lost Season. By ROY FULLER. *Hogarth.* 3s. 6d.
The Sun My Monument. By LAURIE LEE. *Hogarth.* 3s. 6d.
Five Rivers. By NORMAN NICHOLSON. *Faber.* 6s.
Ten Summers: Poems, 1933–1943. By JOHN PUDNEY. *Lane.* 7s. 6d.
Come In. Poems by ROBERT FROST. Selected by LOUIS UNTERMEYER. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

I think that poets in general do well by keeping clear of wars.

I think also the opposite—a nagging thought now uppermost—that during a war there is nothing much to write about except war. The infection has spread, it may prove fatal, and every poet is then in the position of Frigyes Karinthy, for whom a tumour on the brain provided the incitement to write a masterpiece. War, so far as the poet is concerned, is a refusal of imagination, values, life; but, like the tumour, it may morbidly stimulate. "A book of poems written out of the emotions of persons (as I see them) essentially private, whose private life has ceased to exist"—that sentence from Mr. Robert Nichols fixes a paradox of which all of us must have been aware. The feeling is comparatively new. Yeats absolved himself by arguing that war—modern war—could provide no experiences for poetry: strange denial, though true enough, perhaps, for him. And Mr. Robert Frost still can't see over the walls of his New Hampshire landscape; his is the pigheaded timelessness of the peasant. Too entrenched, too self-complete, too old in any case, they stand outside the conflicts of their time. Posterity will respect their isolation.

It depends on the poet; but even more, today, it depends on the war. After nearly five years of world struggle there can be no other framework for anything written seriously and with passion; it lights up or it doesn't; it helps; it contradicts; it piddles; it gets by—the preoccupation is the same. Some hyperbole of praise is due to the war poet who advances experience even by inches.

There were hints of a new romanticism in Sidney Keyes, and here, from Mr. Roy Fuller's *A Lost Season*, is an acceptance less strained and tragic:

> To-morrow let us drive between the hills
> And visit our good friends upon the farms,
> Walking among the rows of sugar cane
> To look across their tassels at the snows.
> And let us say good-day to sweet brown boys
> Who keep their goats beneath that sheeted peak.
> To-morrow life will certainly be simple,
> As at the drawing of an evening curtain.
>
> To-day there is the body to dispose of,
> The blood to try to scour from all the house:
> One must give lying smiles to calling neighbours
> And soothe the children in the bedroom crying.
>
> To-day there is that terrible sense of guilt
> And fear of being discovered, there is still
> Regret for yesterday when everything
> Was quiet and loving in to-morrow's way.

The view of war imparted by this brief volume is one of exile: exile in time and space. Two years (is it?) and a thousand miles separate the writer from all that he loves, and the present offers only strange landscapes, fear and indifference, a preoccupied clarity. The death of feeling announces itself in unexpected ways; as when, for example, in one poem he is haunted by the faces in obscene photographs, like those of the dead without expression, "surprised in a most intimate attitude." He remembers, from afar, the transports of his own love, but between him and them now comes the photograph, final and inscrutable, suggesting that *his* is the love that has died.

Mr. Fuller speaks somewhere of the "small stabbing observations" that have displaced the flow of feeling. Routine, companions, the war that is news to those taking part in it—most of, these fill the category of nothing disguised as something. Beyond, bright like lantern slides, there are the East African hills, the coffee drinkers at twilight, the crabs on the shore, the forest:

> . . . the giraffes that lope, half snake, half horse,
> A slowed up film; the wildebeest with faces
> Of mandarins; and soft bright zebra racing
> Over the plain, unreal as rocking-horses.

Strange and coloured, too, rather than beautiful, is the native life declining weakly towards corruption:

> Can you be surprised at what the hills
> Contain? The girls run up a slope,
> Their oiled and shaven heads like caramels,
> Behind them is the village, its corrugated
> Iron and, like a wicked habit, the store.
> The villagers cough, the sacking blows from the naked
> Skin of a child, a white scum on his lips.
> The youths come down in feathers from the summit.
> And over them all a gigantic frescoed sky.

The sensibility at work in these poems is precise, bitter, yet not despairing. Half the book is about Africa, half about England; and the same note of exile belongs to both. The mixture of clarity and pain—source of so many moods in wartime—has been beautifully judged. *A Lost Season*, in fact, places Mr. Fuller among the half-dozen poets of this war.

Defiant colours, movement, a quick gaiety are the characteristics of Mr. Laurie Lee, who wears his poetry as the cock bird does its plumage. He warms to the sun, the riot of nature:

> The hard blue winds of March
> Shake the young sheep
> And flake the long stone walls;
> Now from the gusty grass
> Comes the horned music of rams,
> And plovers fall out of the sky
> Filling their wings with snow.

Snow, summer, war, peace—they encourage or threaten his exuberance. He can't help trilling. Appropriately, for Mr. Lee the war of impulse and gestures was in Spain.

> In the street I take my stand
> With my fiddle like a gun against my shoulder,
> And the hot strings under my trigger hand
> Shooting an old dance at the evening walls.

There have been arguments recently as to what may be said to constitute light verse. *The Sun My Monument* seems to me, like certain poems of MacNeice, light in the true sense—gay, that is, and imaginative at the same time.

The five rivers of Mr. Nicholson's title are Eben, Calder, Irt, Mite and Esk. They twist and froth under the railway in the author's native Cumberland, and the appeal of such names matches the hard knobbly life that few of us associate with the Lake District. One effect of reading Mr. Nicholson is to make one ashamed of having been a tripper. Cleator Moor—another of the names that lift a lid to harshness—harvests iron and tin:

> . . . The miner at the rockface stands
> With his scgged and bleeding hands,
> Heaps on his head the fiery coal
> And feels the iron in his soul.

Besides a Crabbe-like addiction to Nature's unseemly truths, Mr. Nicholson has beliefs which will be familiar to readers of his *Anthology of Modern Religious Verse*. His biblical shepherds come from the fells. He is the most interesting of our young regional poets, for whom craftsmanship rather than scholarly devotion provides the link of sympathy.

By contrast, here, with Air Force blue and tankard, is Mr. Pudney. In the ten years covered by this

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selection he has grown up, stepped from private into public; how successfully, I am not quite sure. I can't pretend that I always enjoy his new maturity. Some of the R.A.F. poems—*Combat Report*, for example—remind one of those interviews between a B.B.C. voice and the man in the street, and there is an occasional forced gravity or jolliness about fighting men in general. However, Mr. Pudney is very sure of himself, he plumps out with the things others fight shy of, and there is no question about his accomplishment.

The four volumes reviewed above, all written by young men, have been chosen out of a dozen or more deserving notice; or rather, not so much chosen as sifted by events, for they come interleaved with the victories in France, Russia and Italy. Impossible—even if one tried—to dissociate what has been felt from what is being fought. I will add a fifth volume, to strike a balance and contradict the impulse that puts war poetry first: the new selection from Robert Frost. He needs no recommendation.

G. W. STONIER

THE OLD LADY

The Bank of England: A History. Vol. I, 1694-1797. Vol. II, 1797-1914. By SIR JOHN CLAPHAM. *Cambridge University Press.* 42*s.*

It is easy to understand why the Bank of England chose Sir John Clapham for its official historian on the occasion of its two hundred-and-fiftieth birthday; for Sir John is of all present-day economic historians the most discreet. He cannot be charged with whitewashing the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street: it would go against the grain with him to use so glaring a colour. His history can, however, be described by the term "off-white"—which is a very different hue from grey. He does not deny that the direction of the Bank has shown from time to time faults and errors of judgment; but he comments on them softly, in a tone which suggests sorrow rather than imputation of blame, and he finds all the possible excuses. That his history stops at 1914 may be, not his own choice, but the Bank's, if it was unwilling to give him the full run of its later records; but he appears to acquiesce in a judgment that the time has not yet come when history after 1914 can be written with proper objectivity. His little epilogue, on the Bank as it is, says as nearly as possible nothing at all.

Readers of Sir John Clapham's earlier *magnum opus* will know his methods. He loves detail, and cordially dislikes emphasis. If his trees make woods, he prefers his readers to find that out for themselves, and gives them the least possible help in the quest. The consequence is that his books are invaluable as hunting grounds for those who come after him, but not at all easy to read. In this instance, the criticism applies with most force to Volume I, which carries the story up to the suspension of cash payments in 1797, and to the latter part of Volume II, which becomes steadily less interesting as it advances hesitantly towards modern times. By far the best part is in the middle of Volume II, in the account given of the three big crises which followed, roughly at ten-year intervals, on the Bank Charter Act of 1844. Sir John Clapham brings out clearly—what was in the main unknown to earlier writers—that the essential parts of that Act were not forced on the Bank by Peel or by Parliament, but drafted in the Bank itself: so that the division between its currency functions and its banking functions and the recoil, in respect of the latter, from the "central banking" conception to that of a competitive bank in a system of "free banking", came at least as much from the Bank as from any of its outside critics.

Sir John's history also brings out the exceeding slowness with which the Bank in fact advanced towards acting as a "central bank", in the sense in which such action has been understood since 1918. It had, indeed, in each of the three great crises of the period after 1844, to accept an essential responsibility for the banking system as a whole; but the notion of such a responsibility as existing continuously and not merely at moments of crisis was slow to develop—largely because of the long-sustained hostility between the Bank and its surrounding group of private merchant bankers on the one hand and the joint stock banks on the other. Central banking, in the modern sense, is of very recent growth.

Sir John Clapham travels so little outside his field as narrowly defined as to render comment often difficult. His Bank governors and directors appear almost all through as men struggling with an extraordinarily unruly and ill-regulated money market, dominated by vast fluctuations in investment and by irrational panics on the one side and by the fortuitous ups and downs of gold supply and methods of economising in the use of money in the other. One gets an impression of hardly anyone looking even more than an inch or two beyond his nose, and of things working out in the long run not too badly mainly because of the favourable bias given to events by technological progress, with its widening of the market, new gold discoveries, and so on, rather than because of any foresight on the part of either bankers or governments. If the Old Lady made few really disastrous errors (up to 1914), there is little evidence that she showed any great wisdom. She rubbed along, in a world kinder to those who did so than the later world of which this history stops short. The lesson, as far as there is one, of this vast heap of pebbles is that in banking, as in most other economic matters, Providence was very kind to our grandparents, and it is no wonder they thought so well of her as they habitually did.

G. D. H. COLE.

THE POET AND HIS THOUGHT

Milton: Man and Thinker. By DENIS SAURAT. *Dent.* 15*s.*

Professor Saurat's book sets out to prove that Milton is a profound and an heretical thinker. Mr. C. S. Lewis in Chapter XII of his *Preface to Paradise Lost* pays homage to Professor Saurat and states the points on which he disagrees with him. Mr. Lewis believes that, in so far as Milton was heretical, his heresies are confined to the *De Doctrina*; *Paradise Lost* "gives the great central tradition." He pays homage because Professor Saurat has "rescued Miltonic criticism from the drowsy praise of his 'organ music' and babble about 'the majestic rolls of proper names,'" and has "begun a new era in which readers take him (as he wished to be taken) seriously." Many of those who read Professor Saurat's book twenty years ago and reread it now will find that an approach to *Paradise Lost* which then seemed startling, and even over-intellectual, has now become natural to them, and that their enjoyment of the poem has consequently grown richer and fuller.

No serious student of Milton can doubt that he was passionately interested in moral and religious questions. No man of Milton's time and of his intellectual stature could be interested in morals and politics without being interested in theology, any more than such a man to-day could avoid being interested in science and economics. But a poet of Milton's stature to-day would not necessarily, nor even probably, make any important contribution to scientific or economic thought. Professor Saurat himself writes:

Milton's originality as a thinker is practically

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reduced to the working of his intellect or feelings upon outside material which he appropriates and only arranges. Yet he remains a great thinker, because he is still the representative modern mind in presence of the tremendous chaos of impossible ideas, puzzling myths, and grotesque conceptions of the Zohar.

Similarly, Milton "appropriates and arranges" what he selects from the Bible, from the Church Fathers and from the Protestant theologians. Professor Saurat has discovered that Milton found support for some of his heterodox ideas in the Zohar, in the writings of Fludd, and in Overton's *Man's Mortalitie*. To the modern reader the sources of Milton's thought and the finer points of his theology matter little; what matters is the poetry. But this does not mean only the magnificent sound of Milton's sentences, important though this is. The wealth of ideas, their superb organisation and the moral passion that informs them are also essential to our experience of the poem. As Professor Saurat writes:

> Through his passionate study of destiny, Milton takes his place among the great searchers of mankind, who, from Aeschylus to Hugo, have looked the problem of evil in the face, have asked the question which all religions and all philosophies try to answer: What is destiny?

Milton could not answer that question without interpreting for himself the Christian tradition which he inherited and, in the main, accepted. He believed in a just and merciful God who reveals Himself to mankind in the Bible. He believed that his justice is manifest in the Fall and His mercy in the Redemption of mankind. Without freedom there could have been no Fall, nor could human suffering be reconciled with Divine justice. Two examples will illustrate the use the poet makes of heterodox speculation. The first is the notion that God created the world by "retracting" himself; the second is that matter proceeds from God no less than spirit does and that therefore man has no soul separable from his body. The first is derived from the Zohar; the second is a doctrine of the Mortalists. Milton believed passionately in free will: he had to defend this belief from the Calvinists and other determinist theologians. But if freedom is to exist the omnipresent God must retract himself and leave room for the evil which abuse of freedom will entail: therefore, in *Paradise Lost* God says:

> I uncircumscribed Myself retire.
> And put not forth my goodness, which is free
> To act or not.

Again, Milton discovered, despite his Puritan upbringing, that man's sensual nature is potentially good; the Mortalists provided him with a doctrine that rationalised his belief in the goodness or godliness of matter. He is a "materialist" because he believes that God approves of sensual delight, under the government of reason:

> For not to irksom toile, but to delight
> He made us, and delight to Reason joyn'd.

There is nothing in Professor Saurat's book that is not interesting to the student of seventeenth century thought; there is very little that is not interesting to the reader of Milton's poetry. But there is a distinction between the two. The theological intricacies of the Zohar, of Fludd and of the Mortalists will allure students of thought. It is to them that the new section of the book will appeal. For the average reader it adds little of value to what was already in the first edition. But to read or to reread *Milton: Man and Thinker* is a delight. As, with his admirable clarity and infectious enthusiasm, M. Saurat elucidates the ideas that inform Milton's poetry, we perceive that the poet's unsurpassed mastery of style and his impassioned concern for human destiny could transform even the most fantastic speculations into great poetry. He made them subserve his own end, which was to create an epic worthy to stand beside those of Virgil and Dante, and in it to:

> Assert Eternal Providence,
> And justifie the wayes of God to men.

JOAN BENNETT

L'Homme contre les tyrans, PAR RAYMOND ARON. *Editions de la maison française. New York.*

Characteristically French in clarity of thought, Monsieur Aron analyses in this volume the intellectual forces that strengthened Nazism and weakened the democracies. It is largely a study of conscious and unconscious rationalisation—of the theories devised to justify German imperialism and to weaken its intended victims. We begin with a succinct account of Fascist ideology based on Machiavelli, Nietzsche, Sorel and Pareto; then comes an analysis of pacifism, particularly in the French form too successfully preached by Alain; then a brilliant criticism of the chief collaborators among the French intellectuals, Chardonne, Drieu la Rochelle, Fabre-Luce and Montherlant. Then we come to a remarkably judicious estimate of the responsibilities to be attributed respectively to nationality and ideology; and finally an examination of the gloomy theories of James Burnham, and an apologia for democracy. Monsieur Aron is a theorist of the Left with what some will consider an old-fashioned respect for the human personality. He has a hatred for every form of despotism. His realism distinguishes him from the parochial and anti-intellectual optimists so powerful in the British Labour Party, and at the same time prevents him from seeing in the U.S.S.R. a model for Western democracy. Most of the material in this book will be familiar to readers of *La France Libre*, and it ought to be translated into English, since it defends with great intellectual power a point of view that in this country is widely held but seldom so well expressed.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

BEETHOVEN: *Piano Sonata in E Flat.* Op. 81A. Arthur Rubinstein (H.M.V. DB. 6132–3)

DELIBES-DOHNANYI: *Naïla Valse.* Cyril Smith (Col. DX1159).

SCARLATTI: *Sonatas in C Minor and F Sharp Minor.* Kathleen Long (Decca M566).

BACH-WALTON: *Sheep May Safely Graze:* Sadlers Wells Orch. cond. Walton (H.M.V. B9380).

RAMEAU-RICHARDSON: *Suite of three Dances:* Watson Forbes (viola) and Denise Lassimonne (piano), (Decca M567).

VERDI: "*O Don Fatale*" (Don Carlos) and

SAINT-SAENS: "*Fair Spring is Returning*": (Samson and Delilah). Gladys Ripley and Liverpool Philharmonic Orch. cond. Malcolm Sargent (H.M.V. C3404).

MOZART: "*O Loveliness beyond Compare*" (The Magic Flute).

MOZART: "*Constanze! Constanze!*" (Seraglio). Webster Booth and Liverpool Philharmonic orch. cond. Basil Cameron (H.M.V. C3402).

BRITTEN: "*La Belle est au Jardin d'Amour.*"

BRITTEN: "*Le Roi s'en va-t-en chasse.*"

French Folk Songs. Sophie Wyss acc. Benjamin Britten (Decca M568).

Les Adieux is among Beethoven's most curious works. I doubt if anyone at any time has found it wholly satisfactory, for as an expression of a process of emotions it is over-simple, while at the same time, judged purely as music, the material seems to suffer from the necessity of following the programme. As a master of the classical sonata—however much he might and did infringe it—Beethoven was never as happy in free, fantastic forms as the composers of the high romantic period. Though he described his aim as always "poetry in sound," he seems, like other composers before and after him, to have succeeded most completely when the scheme of feeling behind the music was vague and generalised. It is

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perhaps because *Les Adieux* is broken up into a series of definite emotional events that the musical form, which follows a quite different system of "events," refuses to espouse completely the material. Here it seems worth while to point out the close resemblance between this sonata and Weber's *Konzertstück*—a resemblance which extends beyond the programme to the actual writing for the instrument. This can best be seen by comparing the Finales of the two works—movements in very quick six-eight with passages of torrential semi-quavers. The pianist of to-day who studies these movements (and the very similar ones in Schubert's Sonatas) finds them infuriatingly difficult to play—infuriatingly, because the result, when achieved, seems inadequate to the intention. The truth, I believe, is that Schubert, Weber and Beethoven were, as virtuosi, masters of a particular kind of pianism which had a blazing glitter that was technically not impossible or even very difficult on the Viennese pianos of the day. The action of these was incomparably lighter than that of the modern concert-grand. This ease and brilliance went with a poor sonority in the bass register, which the thinnest treble part could always dominate. Hence the thick, rather muddy bass which accents the rushing semi-quavers in the *Retour* section of this Sonata. Beethoven wrote this bass because he wished it to be heard. Modern pianists, on the other hand, who have the advantage of an incomparably richer sonority throughout the entire register, make a mistake in thumping out these bass passages as they are written, since this has the effect of making the runs in the right hand partially inaudible. The point emerges clearly enough from a comparison of the four extant recordings of *Les Adieux*, by Godowsky, Backhaus, Schnabel and Arthur Rubinstein. Not one of these first-class executants gets through the movement without a nasty scramble, because they all attempt to play it at Beethoven's tempo—a practical impossibility now that the touch of the piano has been made heavier to correspond with the increase in tension and sonority. As it is, the palm, for this movement alone, goes to Rubinstein, because his performance has all the joyful impetus contained in the music. But he makes one cardinal error: the chord broken up into sforzando crochets, which forms an important part of the development, ought, according to the composer's indication, to be sustained by the pedal; Rubinstein ignores this instruction, which makes nonsense of the passage. In the first two movements this pianist's Slavonic style, with its delicate phrasing and those impalpable hesitations in front of strong beats, is seen to disadvantage. He is master of a true rubato, which is marvellously effective in the interpretation of Chopin and even of Brahms (I am thinking especially of the Scherzo of the Second Piano Concerto); but in playing Beethoven this merely blurs the outlines and weakens the essentially sturdy rhythms. Rubinstein's is a most interesting, sensitive, *poetical* performance; but it displays the music from a foreign standpoint, whereas Backhaus and Schnabel, being thoroughly German, give more authoritative renderings. Schnabel, in particular, keeps to the letter of the composer's indications, giving full value (as pianists often neglect to do) to those sudden, hysterical drops from *forte* to *piano*, which are so marked a characteristic of Beethoven's later style, and seem likely to be a reflection of his neurotic temperament. Otherwise I do not care greatly for Schnabel's performance of this sonata, the first movement of which is marred by his horrible and inveterate habit of playing the first note of a couplet as if it were a grace note. The Finale, again, is spoilt by messy passage-work.

The beginning of Godowsky's recording is admirable—sober, deliberate and classical. He has the remnants of the grand style; but his pedalling is blurred, the thematic statements lack conviction, and the Finale defeats him as it defeats Schnabel.

On the whole, then, and although his recording is rather thin and metallic, Backhaus wins the competition, because his performance is technically almost irreproachable and because it completely fulfils the spirit of this peculiar music, which responds to the firm grasp of a heavy, insensitive, but powerfully equipped executant.

This sonata is a good example of the kind of work of which it is worth while to multiply recordings by different pianists, for Beethoven—even more than Chopin—offers innumerable opportunities for varying interpretations. *Les Adieux* is, I think, inferior to Weber's *Konzertstück*, because the programme suited Weber's rather naïve romantic imagination better than it did Beethoven's, which it merely constrained. But if the sonata is not one we often want to hear, it has nevertheless an *élan*, a freshness, and in the Andante a melancholy beauty which recalls the slow movement of the Rasoumovsky Quartet in F. The latest recording has, in spite of the faults I have indicated, all the interest a great pianist can never fail to arouse.

The Délibes-Dohnanyi *Naïla Valse* is a most enchanting bravura piece, but the new disc is neither better nor worse than Louis Kentner's, except in the final variation, which Mr. Cyril Smith fails to manage without spoiling the rhythm. This is not an occasion for variety of interpretation: pieces like this can be played in only one way.

Miss Kathleen Long continues her admirable recordings of Scarlatti with two of the lesser known sonatas. This is a most inexhaustibly fascinating composer, of whom music-lovers in general still know far too little. The "terraced" dynamics of baroque music are difficult to manage on the modern piano, which is constructed to make the most of graded tone; but Miss Long's smooth runs and careful pedalling achieve a semi-harpsichord effect that—to me, at all events—is more agreeable to listen to than Mme Landowska's pugnacious clatter.

The latest version of "Sheep may safely graze" is not to be recommended: the wind sequence which proceeds the chorale is deplorably flat and the performance altogether on the flabby side.

There is a good case for re-arranging baroque and rococo music for modern instrumental ensembles, and Alan Richardson's Suite of Three Dances by Rameau is excellent of its kind. Mr. Forbes and Miss Lassimonne give a neat and graceful performance.

"*O Don Fatale*" is among the most justly famous arias of Verdi's middle period—one of the few splendid passages in a most uneven opera. The tune, with its prolonged appoggiatura, has a most imaginative "veiled" quality which is a superior example of Verdi's unfailing ability to express character through melody. Miss Ripley sings it intelligently, but her style is insufficiently Italianate for this kind of thing. On the other hand, she may be pardoned for showing up Saint-Saëns' horrible aria as the empty, characterless rubbish it is.

Mr. Webster Booth's latest disc is as cleverly chosen as it is well sung. Composed at opposite ends of the series of Mozart's great operas, these two arias both express the yearning of love, but in very different ways. It is of interest to notice that it is the earlier song which has the most obviously romantic features—sudden, almost unbearably sweet sequences of harmony and abrupt changes of tempo. Beside this, the deceptive simplicity of "O Loveliness" seems purely classical. I have seldom admired Mr. Booth's style more than in these two arias, in which a serene *mezza voce* sustains the lyrical mood with its effortless legato.

Folk songs constitute one of the worst traps for the unwary or self-centred composer who attempts to use them as occasions for any expression beyond that proper to themselves. Benjamin Britten has already shown himself fully alive to what is required of a modern accompaniment, in his settings of English folk songs, some of which were recently recorded. These examples from France are no less happy, though in each case I feel we could have done with one verse less. The harmonisation is individual, but in no way distorts the melodies, and the performance has much discreet charm.

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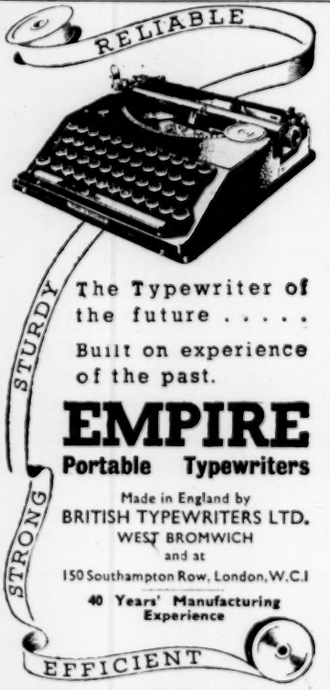

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Week-end Competitions

Correction: Competition No. 760

The word "kedgeree" was disguised as "kedgun" a misprint. Entries must reach the Editor by post on Sept. 6th.

No. 761

by Saint-Loup

Competitors are invited to submit poems of not re than 16 lines on Paris, Chartres, Aix, Avignon any other French city or village that has been erated. Entries must reach the Editor by first post Sept. 11th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 758

by Raymond Mortimer

Prizes of four guineas are offered for the best English versions of the following sonnet.

En quel fleuve areneux jaunement s'escouloit
L'or, qui blondist si bien les cheveux de ma dame ?
Et du brillant esclat de sa jumelle flamme,
Tout astre surpassant, quel haut ciel s'emperloit ?
Mais quelle riche mer le coral receloit
De cette belle lèvre, où mon desir s'affame ?
Mais en quel beau jardin, le rose qui donne ame
A ce teint vermeillet, au matin s'estaloit ?
Quel beau rocher de Pare, en etofe marbrine
A tant bien montagné ceste plaine divine ?
Quel parfum de Sabée a produit son odeur ?
O trop heureux le fleuve, heureux ciel, mer heureuse,
Le jardin, le rocher, la Sabée odoreuse,
Qui nous ont enlustré le beau de son honneur !

eport by Raymond Mortimer

The sonnet is by Jacques Tahureau, 1527–1555, d evidently my admiration for it was very widely ared, for hundreds of competitors have submitted rsions. The words "heureux" and "heureuse" displaced in the 12th line—an accident that ust have been evident to everyone and for which apologise. The high standard of the translations made judging peculiarly difficult. Versions roughly worth printing come from Little Billee, M. Gathorne-Hardy, P. G., Jessie Davis, M. M., S. Jaffray, S. Foster, M. M. Carver, Allan M. Laing, Sir Robert Witt, Caroline Ramsden, Frank Spooner, W. J. Strachan, Stanley S. Sharpiess, D. R. Squire, E. Stanway and S. O. And still I am left with nineteen entries of even more signal excellence. After much hesitation, I sadly rejected the versions, hardly inferior to the prizewinners', of L. E. G. (three remarkable versions), D. S. M., C. T. P., Pibwob, L. E. S., Leslie Johnson, Ronald Mason, I. C. Saul, Silvia Tatham, L. A. C. Bowyer, Willy Tadpole and William Bliss. Now there are only five left! And after further porings, I divide the first prize between E. M. and J. N. M., whose diction and whose fidelity to the original, both in form and phrase, I cannot too admiringly salute. (The last line is the most teasing to translate.) R. J. P. Hewison, by no means inferior in diction, does not preserve the rhyme-scheme of the original. His fifth line, like F. C. C.'s eleventh, seems to me a more important flaw (the imagery refers to definite gifts that have taken place). Since I judge entries in the first place as English poems, I notice these divergences only as revealing less ingenuity than the two winners. I had similar minute objections to the hardly less brilliant entries that there is no space to print. I recommend prizes of 27s. to E. M. and J. N. M., and consolation prizes of 10s. to R. J. P. Hewison, F. C. C. and P. Baggallay.

What yellow sands of what bright river's bed
Yielded the ore that gilds my lady's hair ?
And for her eyes, what highth of radiant air
Those twin star-dimming fires of orient shed ?
Or what rich sea the scarlet coral bred
To paint that beauteous lip, my heart's despair ?
Or on her glowing cheek what garden fair
Bestowed its roses to the dawn outspread ?
But oh, what gleaming rock of Parian grain
Mounded in marble that celestial plain ?
What warm Sabaean odours balm'd her breath ?
Too happy stream, too happy sky and sea,
Garden, and rock, and fields of Araby,
That framed the Fair our worship honoureth !
E. M.

What sandy stream sifting the yellow gold
Burnish'd my lady's hair of golden wyres ?
The brightness of those twin and starry fires,
Brighter than any star, what heaven could hold ?
What ocean hoarded up the coral cold
Of that fair lip, the cup of my desires ?
What garden saw the rose, that now inspires
Her damask cheek, its morning hues unfold ?
What Parian quarry in a marbled white
Hillock'd that heavenly valley of delite ?
Or what Sabaean tree breathed her perfume ?
O happy stream, heaven happy, happy sea,
Garden and quarry, and Sabaean tree,
Showing the likeness of her beauty's bloom !
J. N. M.

What sandy floud roll'd twixt his yellow barres
The Golde so brauely gilds my Ladye's hayr ?
What pearly Sphaere for her twin flames coud spare
Such dazling brightnesse as outshines the Starres ?
Nay, in what teeming Ocean shoud men seeke
Coral for Lips that famish my desires ?
Nay, what fayr Plot display'd to morning's fires
The Rose incarnate in her vermeil cheeke ?
What milk-white Rocke from marbl'd *Paros* brought
That plaine diuine with beauteous mountaines wrought ?
What perfume hath *Sabaea's* incense breath'd ?
Thrice-happie Floud, Sphaere, Ocean fortunate !
Plot, Rocke, *Sabaea* blest ! which to her State
For our delight your beauties have bequeath'd.
R. J. P. HEWISON

What sandy stream in yellow ripples flowing
Lends his bright ore to gild my lady's hair ?
And whence the dazzle of her eyes ? From where
In highest heaven empearled, all stars out-glowing ?
In what rich sea is lapped the coral shoal
To tint those tender lips my senses crave ?
In what fair garden grew the rose which gave
To her soft damask cheek its morning soul ?
And oh, what Parian rock of marble vein
Has swelled with rounded hills this heavenly plain ?
How breathes she balm like Saba's spicey freight ?
Oh happy stream, and sky, and happy sea,
Garden and rock and Saba blessèd be
That her chaste beauty so illuminate !
F. C. C.

Where runnes the tawny streame on whose shoare lies
The gold, that glysters my belovèd's hayre ?
Where rydes the starre, in what high christall ayre,
Whose diamants flash in her transcendent eyes ?
What saphyre sea harboures the coral prize,
That in her lips mine own contend to share ?
What greene bowre hides the vermeil rose so fayre,
That staynes her cheeks with deawy-perlèd dyes
Where in the virgin rocks of Paros restes
The marble of her lyllie-budded brestes ?
Whence comes her fragrance ? from what Indian grove ?
Thrice blessèd streame, thrice blessèd ayre and sea,
Boure, Rock and Grove, whose treasures make for me
My Paramour the Paragon of Love.
P. BAGGALLAY

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